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KETURAH-COLLINGS.

LADY GLENCONNER.

73, Park Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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DANGER TO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

THE very great difficulty in the way of influencing a Government Department has been strikingly exemplified in the persistence with which the Office of Works and the Board of Education have clung to their proposal to cramp the Natural History Museum in order to find a site for the new Science Museum. Public opinion has been almost unanimous against them. The only apologist on their side is Sir Henry Roscoe, and his defence of the scheme was a very half-hearted one indeed; whereas, on the other side, letters have come from men of the very highest distinction, and the argument that they have put before the Office of Works is simply unanswerable. It has been well considered forcible and yet courteous. There is a sympathy between men of science which enables those engaged in the study of natural history to appreciate the fact that the proposed new Science Museum embodies an idea that is in itself admirable. Such a building is most urgently needed. Nor has there been any attempt to blame the Office of Works. On the present occasion, however, it is apparent that the scheme which they are prepared to carry out has not received the consideration which it deserves. For the sake of clearness it may be necessary once more to state the terms of the proposal and the objections made to it on the part of the Natural History Museum. It is, briefly, to drive a road at the back of the Natural History Museum, connecting Exhibition Road and Queen's Road. This is on ground that is understood to belong to the Natural History Museum. Although it was never formally conveyed to the Trustees, it was distinctly understood at the time the Museum was built that the ground at the back was to belong to it. It is now proposed to take it for the Science Museum under the Board of Education. This will involve the removal of the Spirit Room at the Natural History Museum, which with its fittings cost the nation about £38,000. The First

Commissioner, in the correspondence laid before Parliament, did not attempt any refutation of this argument. His reply was simply that "the matter had been considered by His Majesty's Ministers and they have decided that the revision of the boundaries cannot be avoided in view of the pressing necessity for the building of a Science Museum." The information is also given that the sum of £12,000 for the building of a new Spirit Room has been included in the Vote for Science and Art Buildings in the present financial year, and the Trustees of the Natural History Museum are told plainly that the best thing they can do is to appoint a committee for the purpose of co-operating with the Office of Works in drawing up a suitable plan for the two-storey Spirit Museum.

All this is extremely unsatisfactory. It would appear that the danger of fire had been raised merely to emphasise the general argument, for it is absurd to assert that this danger will be less to the people on the other side of Queen's Road than it is to the Museum in its present position. The greatest objection is that the Government is attempting to perform a feat which is almost impossible, and which, if it were possible, would be undesirable. That is to accommodate three important institutions on a site which has room enough for only two. The Natural History Museum, the Imperial College of Science and a much-enlarged Science Museum would, if the scheme were carried out, be all cramped for space, and the question is for how long are the builders to provide. Under ordinary and natural conditions the demands for space are continually growing, and, as far as the Natural History Museum is concerned, they must grow, and we want to see them growing. If it be considered what work is actually done within its walls, the necessity for its growth will be sufficiently plain. It is only within recent times that the economical importance of natural history has been fully recognised. New fields were opened up after the discovery of the part played by blood-sucking insects in the dissemination of sleeping sickness, malaria, plague, yellow fever and other diseases which affect men and domestic animals. But our country readers, whether they are landowners, tenants, or only do the slightest bit of gardening for their own pleasure, have every reason to be aware of the extraordinary value and importance of the work done in investigating the life history of fruit and crop pests.

All this makes increasing demands upon space. There are workers in every part of the world at the present moment collecting specimens for the Natural History Museum. Some, like the entomologists in Africa, are performing tasks of high Imperial importance, because the development of a huge part of the King's Dominions Beyond the Seas depends to a great extent on the study of Tropical medicine, for which the specimens collected are absolutely necessary. Some, like the members of the expedition who are now on the way home from British New Guinea, are filling up the large gaps that still exist in the natural history collections. The question then is, how provision is to be made for the future. At Bloomsbury calculations were made of the requirements that might arise in the course of a hundred years. This is not an impossible standard to set up at Kensington. But it has evidently been far distant from the minds of those who planned to erect the Science Museum by curtailing the area at the disposal of the Natural History Museum. The case for the latter appears to us irrefragable. The only thing that remains is to induce Mr. Runciman, or whoever is primarily responsible for the arrangement, to listen to reason and try to work out more acceptable plans for the new Museum. It is to be hoped that no obstinacy or false pride will be allowed to stand in the way. Englishmen never like a man or a body the worse for frankly admitting that a mistake has been made. In fact, the very opposite is the case. Those who withdrew the proposal to erect the memorial to King Edward VII. in St. James' Park earned greater popularity by their submission to the tide of popular opinion. The same thing would occur in the present instance, especially as the objections to the scheme are backed by the soundest reasons conceivable.

Our Portrait Illustration.

LADY GLENCONNER, the subject of our portrait illustration, is a daughter of the late Mr. Percy S. Wyndham. She is married to Lord Glenconner, who as Lord High Commissioner, opened the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland on Tuesday; and he and Lady Glenconner have been entertaining this week in Edinburgh.

It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



NEXT week we hope to have the pleasure of placing before our readers such a Summer and Coronation Number as will yield them a great deal of delight. It is difficult to give an idea of it from a mere mention of the contents, as much that the number will contain will appeal to the eye as effectively as to the understanding. In honour of the King we have obtained photographs of the great church in which he will be crowned, Westminster Abbey, finer, in our judgment, than any that have previously been obtained of this noble subject. Those of Windsor Castle, the chief residence of the Kings of England, rendering as they do, with trained skill and artistic precision, some of the finest work in the private and State apartments, are of equal timeliness and interest. While a number of homely pictures taken in the neighbourhood of Sandringham will suggest the country-house atmosphere in which the King was brought up. There will be many other beautifully-illustrated articles in the issue, but about them we prefer to fall back on Mr. Asquith's formula, "wait and see," as it would be very difficult to attempt to describe them without having the air of blowing one's own trumpet.

There is one serious contribution to which we would like to direct special attention, because of its practical value to all who are engaged in country pursuits. This is the first part of an exhaustive study of the diseases of hive-bees by the Master of Christ's. Mr. Shipley has taken the liveliest interest in the so-called Isle of Wight disease, since it first made its appearance about three years ago. He has studied it with the care and skill for which he is distinguished, and has examined its causes and described its nature with admirable clearness. The paper is a most important one, and not to bee-keepers alone. They have suffered more directly than others by the destruction of their hives, and some apiarians have altogether lost their livelihood. But it is doubtful if the indirect loss has not been even greater than the direct. Orchardists have noticed that the blossom is staying an unusually long time this year on their apple trees. The cause most probably is lack of fertilisation, as when they are fertilised the petals naturally wither and fall. The bee disease, therefore, is likely to have a most injurious effect on the crop of apples and pears.

In this connection we cannot avoid expressing regret that the Board of Agriculture should have been found so utterly wanting. It might, by prompt action, have isolated this bee disease at the beginning and prevented it from spreading. Be it remembered that the disease first made its appearance in an island, as if on purpose to give the scientific men of the Board of Agriculture the very best opportunity of keeping it within limits. Here they had a disease naturally isolated; yet it is only now, after the hives of England are decimated, that they are seriously undertaking the work of research and treatment. It is a most remarkable case of shutting the stable door after the horse has been stolen. They meted out the same treatment to gooseberry mildew, against which they were thoroughly warned. They let in foot-and-mouth disease, and prided themselves on pole-axeing the suffering animals instead of finding out the avenues by which the disease is carried. We do not like to

use comminatory language about the entire Board of Agriculture, because we are always ready to recognise that it contains many vigilant, active and efficient officials, but there is something radically wrong with its methods. In fact, it is one of the weakest Boards of Agriculture extant at the present time.

Never was the Temple Flower Show held under more favourable conditions than this year. The weather on the opening day was as fine as could be wished and, what is more to the purpose, it has been an extraordinarily good May for producing flowers. We never remember gardens looking more beautiful at this time of the year, and the exhibits were thoroughly worthy of the splendid conditions under which they had been produced. It was expected beforehand that the show would be of unusual brilliance, and, for once, high anticipation fell short of the mark. In another part of the paper some account of the flowers is given; here it is sufficient to note that every department was thoroughly well represented and the exhibition was one of the best that has been held in the Temple Gardens. The crush was, if that is possible, greater than usual. London, at the moment, is full of visitors, and gardening seems to increase in popularity every year. Even the ordinary shows of the Horticultural Society are now thronged from the opening till the close, and, naturally, the greatest of all flower shows, that at the Temple, proved a very great attraction indeed to those who are in London at the present time.

SONG.

Shine on, thou summer sun,
Though my brief day be done,
I do not pine.
To-morrow's toil and sweat,
The fever and the fret,
Will not be mine.

Sail on, thou placid moon,
Night passes by, and soon,
Ere comes the day
To gild the eastern crest,
I shall have found my rest,
And sleep for aye.

R. D. R.

Flockmasters have not been without their troubles this year. In Huntingdonshire a disease has broken out which has caused the death of many scores of sheep, and a committee has been appointed to investigate the matter and procure information. A more curious complaint comes from Cumberland, where the dalesmen have lost a very great number of lambs. At first it was thought that the culprit was the sheepdog, which in exceptional cases escapes from its master's hands and kills at night the animals of which it has charge during the day. But the evidence against the sheepdog broke down, and then the foxes were blamed. Now the shepherds have come to the conclusion that the lambs, which have often been worried in the daytime, have not suffered from the foxes, but from the polecat, better known in all the North Country as the foomart. The journalist who chronicles this news makes the remark that the foomart is exceedingly rare even in the wildest part of Cumberland; but this is not borne out by Mr. Millais, who says in his great book that "it still holds its own in a district extending from Solway Plain to Wigton and Maryport, especially about Weddholm Flow." The polecat has few friends, and if it were so numerous as to be a serious menace to the sheep, no doubt there would be a revival of some of the packs of hounds that used to hunt it, packs very like the Irish weasel-hounds, of which some account is given in another part of the paper.

Whatever effect the scarcity of bees may have on the pears and apples, it is now practically certain that the crop of plums and cherries this year will be an extremely large one, and may prove remarkable. The fruit is well set and is beginning to swell, so that the weather would have to be very abnormally bad to affect it prejudicially. The grower has been in the habit of regarding such a very abundant season as is promised with mixed feelings. He has lamentable tales to tell of years in which plums would not pay for the picking, and when they and the apples and pears were in many cases left to rot in the ground. This is no exaggerated picture, but a state of things which all of us who know the country have witnessed with our own eyes. Fruit, even in this temperate climate, has on many occasions been so plentiful that the growers have not known what to do with it. This year is an opportunity for them to consider the situation in time. To allow good fruit to rot in the ground is a wasteful act that cannot be described otherwise than as sinful.

This may appear to be strong language, but it is not stronger than is warranted by the facts. The fruit-grower may easily make himself entirely independent of any glut in the summer and autumn market. There are in these days many effective ways of preserving fruit for winter use, and it is safe to say that no possible crop could exceed the winter demand. The methods of preserving it are many. Fruit of every kind can be turned into jams and jellies, which are extremely acceptable all the year round. At nearly all the agricultural colleges for women the pupils are taught to preserve fruit in its original condition, without sweetening; so that there is very little difference between the fruit so treated and taken out of its jar at Christmas, or after, and the fruit as it comes from the tree. It can all be done very easily and very inexpensively. The main point is that proper instruction should be given before the fruit begins to ripen. Every year when there is a good store of fruit in the orchard, thousands of people come forward with recipes that are too late. Now is the appointed time. In the course of the summer we hope to publish directions for preserving fruits, from practical experts at it, as we consider this would be of real service to all who own orchards and gardens, and particularly to the small holder who wishes to make the most of what he has.

Very seldom is it possible for the professors of a science to come even into distant sight of an end of their labours; but Major Leonard Darwin evidently anticipates that the Royal Geographical Society has performed the greater part of its work. There is very little left on this planet to explore. The South Pole is still uncaptured; there are blank spaces in the map of Arabia, and the bend of the Brahmaputra still depends on the imagination for the manner in which it is filled up in the atlas; but these spots are all receiving the attention of the explorer, and within a short time the maps will, no doubt, become positive and definite. What is the Royal Geographical Society to do then? Major Darwin suggests that its members may take to what may be described as a kind of intensive cultivation. Instead of rambling on and obtaining impressions of remote districts that only confirm the impressions of those that have previously explored them, they must concentrate their attention on making systematic and detailed examination of comparatively small areas. Major Darwin thinks, too, that one aim of a National Geographical Society should be to keep alive the knowledge of the great deeds of British explorers in the past.

Mr. Asquith's address at the opening of the Imperial Conference showed on the part of the Prime Minister a fine sense of Imperial dignity. Nothing could have been more appropriate than his adaptation of the stately language in the Book of Common Prayer to describe the deliberations of the Imperial Conference. The six Prime Ministers are assembled in order to do those things which conduce to the "safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign and his Dominions." Graceful and touching was his reference to the changes that have occurred since the Colonial Conference of 1907. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who performed the opening ceremony on that occasion, has passed away. King Edward VII., to whom, as Mr. Asquith says, we owed and gave a whole-hearted allegiance, has gone, and left behind him "the memory of great purposes worthily pursued." This was the dignified and almost solemn note used by the Prime Minister.

Everything in an interesting week of cricket, which ended last Saturday, faded into insignificance before the astonishing performance of the Notts professional, Alletson. The defeat of Kent by Oxford, Worcestershire's meritorious victory over Surrey, the failure of the later Leicestershire batsmen, after an heroic attempt on the part of their predecessors to get the 318 runs required to beat Lancashire, were passed over as everyday events. Up till Saturday the honours of the week had fallen chiefly to men who must be regarded as veterans in the cricket world, with the exception of Mr. Campbell, the Oxford Freshman; but in the third innings of the Notts v. Sussex match arose a champion of the younger generation. Nine runs ahead, with only three wickets to fall, Notts were practically a beaten side when Alletson went to the wickets on Saturday. In the fifty minutes before lunch he scored 47 runs; in the forty minutes afterwards he scored 142, making 189 in one hour and a-half. The last 89 occupied fifteen minutes. Eight sixes and twenty-one fours were included in his innings, while two overs from Killick produced 56 runs. Mr. Jessop will be almost dull to watch after this truly Homeric feat.

In spite of the wonderful way in which Dr. W. G. Grace has kept up his cricket, it is probable that the name of Dr. E. M. Grace conveys but little to the cricketer of the present generation, and that he can still less appreciate the point of the

schoolboy's answer, more than a quarter of a century ago, to the question, "Who were the three Graces?"—"W. G., Master Fred and the Doctor." Master Fred was taken from us by a premature death long ago. Now it is the decease of "E. M." that is announced and will be mourned by all who remember the bright days of Gloucestershire County cricket, when "the three Graces" virtually made the team. It would need a long chronicle to hold all the great doings of "E. M.," but perhaps his fielding at "point"—no other man has ever stood so close in to the bat's point as he used to crouch—was the most striking feature of all his work in the cricket-field.

That best and most beautiful of Southern rivers, the Wye, has again been fishing very well this year in its lower reaches; but the same is hardly to be said of even the best of its upper waters. Below Hereford the salmon angler has been getting splendid sport, but in all those fine stretches and pools from Hereford up to its sources among the Welsh mountains the salmon have not been in anything like their last year's number. Nor is the reason hard to see. Since February there has been no rain to bring a big body of water into these upper waters. Below Hereford the river receives feeders which keep its level up with less dependence on the rainfall. The early heavy spate brought up a certain number of heavy fish, but there was a big flood in March to let up the ordinary spring run. The result is that most of the fish that are in the upper waters now have been there a long while and are coloured and sluggish.

"IT WAS BETWEEN THE MAY AND THE ROSE."

Richard Jefferies.

First Buttercup:

Say, will She come, or was it but a dream,
That joyous singing of the meadow Stream
Which spoke of Her?

Second Buttercup:

Nay, only yester Eve
The Wind told tales too wondrous to believe,
Of Her fair beauty, of Her winsome grace,
And bade us all bow down before Her face
When She should come.

Third Buttercup:

But when? Ah, sister, when?
The Violet hoped, but she has died since then.
The Primroses are gone, and now the May
Drops down upon the yellow shining way,
Great pearls, all 'broidered on a cloth of gold.

The Stream:

The Iris wakes, for emerald fold on fold
Unfurls, and royal purple shows between—

The Wind:

Then hush! At last She comes—our radiant Queen!

Chorus of Buttercups:

'Tis She! 'Tis She! We crowd to meet Her. See
The Flags fly out, for now right royally
She holds Her court—the waiting overpast,
Hail to the first wild Rose, awake at last!

FAY INCHFAWN.

The recent articles in COUNTRY LIFE on the design and construction of inexpensive cottages have created so much interest that it is proposed to publish a book which will gather up the accumulated experience in cottage-building of architects and estate-owners in various parts of the country. The problems involved in cottage-building are chiefly economic; but there is an æsthetic side which cannot be neglected without grave damage to the country-side. The Editor will be glad to receive photographs and plans of any cottages of unusual interest, whether by reason of their cheapness, their novelty of planning or construction, or their outward attractiveness.

"Horse-high, hog-proof and rabbit-tight" is the formula we used to hear in California, and probably it was in use over a good deal wider stretch of Western America, for a fence that should be really adequate for general purposes. It hardly requires any explanation. In this country there is often trouble in devising a reasonably cheap form of fencing round trees planted singly in parks where sheep, cattle and horses are turned out to graze. We do not require it "hog-proof," but we do require the exclusion of rabbits and immunity for the tree from the horses, with their long, far-reaching necks. The fence which best combines these requisites with economy, of any that we have seen, consists, for its framework, of four posts, of larch

or any timber which the estate provides plentifully. Two-foot wire-netting round the base of these excludes the rabbits, and a wide lattice of barbed wire run along the posts above is sufficient

to deter the most enterprising and hungry horse or ox from damaging the young tree within. If desired, the posts can be strengthened with cross-pieces.

RAMBLES WITH A ROD.

It has always seemed to me—and I know well that I say it at the risk of being told I am no sportsman—that trout-fishing (in the smaller burns of the South of Scotland at any rate) is one of the most wholly admirable and, indeed, enchanting of pursuits so long as it is not taken too seriously. It is, I know, always held to be the first duty of a sportsman to be "keen," and I would not for a moment have the fisherman careless or indifferent. But, on the other hand, an excess of zeal, an undeviating, remorseless pursuit of the main object in hand, is surely out of place in those who would enter into the placid pleasures of the Gentlest Art. For this is not one of the heroic sports. It embraces no grand thrills and sudden exultations. The day is not made up of "memorable moments," such as a rocketing pheasant or a right and left at driven grouse, or of Titanic struggles, such as a long fight in a Highland torrent with a twenty-pound salmon, may provide. Success is not achieved by any startling feats of prowess, but rather by a quiet, ceaseless skill, by delicate manipulation, by taking thought. It is a meditative, insinuating, subtle process of small adjustments and patient, cautious, roundabout attacks; and the fisherman's frame of mind should ever be that of one who has the whole day before him and the whole valley to call his own. He should be under no shadow of compulsion; he should suffer from no sense of urgency, and though he must deal faithfully with the trout, so far as in him lies, he loses

much if he has eyes and ears for nothing else. For he will pass through many pleasant places, vividly alive to the quickening of the spring, teeming with the myriad tiny incidents of flood and field and woodland. And when the evening comes he should have other adventures to remember besides those that have added to the weight of the basket on his back.

And thus I have no patience with the fellow who is restless, eager, greedily thirsting for his prey, who is for ever sitting down to ransack his book of flies, and always pushing on in feverish expectation to the pool beyond the bend; who cannot sit still to finish his lunch, and who regards me as a criminal when I have left the landing-net behind a mile above, although well he knows that I always do forget the landing-net. Such a one, it seems to me, allows himself to be dominated all day by the anticipation of the proud moment when he will turn out

his catch upon a plate, a dish, or even—if all his hopes are realised—upon a tray before admiring eyes. He is all day bent upon accumulating, adding, piling up. Every time he lands a fish he has secured one item to assist the score; every time he loses one he feels himself the poorer and the possibilities of the day so far reduced. The surest sign of this spirit of undue compulsion is to be found in the fact that he cannot keep his pipe alight. But I for one will not keep up with him. By all means let us over-estimate with cheery optimism the weight of our day's catch. By all means let us glaringly and mendaciously over-estimate the weight of those huge fish that never came to hand, and feel at the moment when we lose them that poignant sense of irrevocable disaster which justly belongs to the situation.

But let us, nevertheless, have some leisure to turn aside to look for a dipper's nest among the rocks or seek out a tiny velvet plover in the rushes amid the anxious cries of its swooping mother. Let us find time to gather some bog-myrtle by the way. Above all, let us rejoice in the chattering companionship of the stream itself.

For there is nothing in all the summer landscape half so alluring and delightful as the course of a stream, and one can make no journey so rich in varied scene and episode as that by which it leads us in its devious course. For any road or path or track that we may follow is a thing prescribed, laid down for us by someone who has gone before. But the stream has made its way where it listed. It follows

still its own unfettered course, and you may either travel with it, if you will, as a companion, or turn your face toward its source and meet it all day long continuously as a passer-by. I think that it is chiefly in the fact of the companionship of the stream, of this sense of making a journey and always passing on to new scenes, new opportunities, that this form of trout-fishing triumphs over fishing in a loch where the whole field of operations lies displayed at a glance and one must needs feel cabined and confined. And the sport on a Scotch burn has infinite variety.

Those in my own neighbourhood for the most part pass through two distinct phases, the first far up on the moorland, where it winds in narrow bends through a slender ribbon of green that lies across the heather. Here the bed is either peat or gravel, and its course is made up of scurrying corners, long, smooth reaches and dimpled shallows. And when it enters



Ward Muir.

BROKEN WATER.

Copyright.

on the second phase it tumbles noisily into a rocky gorge, wooded for the most part, and often densely overgrown, of still, black pools and tiny cataracts, the levels falling rapidly to the point where it merges at last into the river in the broad valley far below. The little burn takes on a new dignity among the rocks, where its deep, silent pools alternate with sudden leaps downhill, as if it travelled no longer at an even pace, but intermittently by eager spurts with pauses in between.

The fish are there in plenty, and at a proper time and season a good basket may be taken, but they must have the water and the weather to their liking before they will bestir themselves into activity. In time of spate the moment is quite sure to come when that strange epidemic of sudden appetite, which is the mystery and the joy of the angler's art, will overtake them. But it will pass as swiftly as it came, for "taking" trout, like time and tide, will wait for no man, and after rain the nature and complexion of the water changes with surprising rapidity. Sometimes what was a muddy torrent in the morning will be clear and silvery by night. Somewhere between these two extremes the golden hour for sport has come and gone, and it is likely that one has failed to grasp it. For in this respect I cannot pretend to compete with the station-master. His almost incredible baskets are the fruit not only of his admitted skill and long-practised cunning, but of a patience born, as I must suppose, of the weary hours of waiting for trains upon a



Ward Muir.

FLAT WATER.

Copyright.

line that has no reputation for a rigid punctuality. For he will set out—to take no risks—while still the rain continues, be it night or day, and will sit cheerfully on the bank whiling away long hours in contented anticipation until the flood has come and is subsiding and the moment has arrived—and then to work! Too often have I met him upon my outward way returning with his spoils, and known that already my best chance had passed. The moor on such a day, after a flood, appeals to all the



Ward Muir.

A CAST UNDER THE BANK.

Copyright.

senses with a many-sided charm. There is the fresh and tender smell of green and damp and growing things, of bog-myrtle, of I know not what. The burn is chattering, murmuring, whispering, filling the air with liquid sound. And the glory of a transparent beauty is shown forth on the face of the true "fly

water" now that the torrent has gone by. That is the fairest thing of all—the amber depths, lit by the sun, and giving back the reflection of the sky, silver and blue. It needs but one thing more—the thrilling, jagged tug of a half-pound trout.

BERTRAM SMITH.

THE EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION TO THE SNOW MOUNTAINS OF NEW GUINEA.

XI.—TRIPS BY MOTOR-BOAT TO MAP THE RIVERS EAST OF THE MIMIKA.

A LETTER from Captain Rawling, written on March 28th, just before leaving New Guinea, contains a brief but thrilling account of the final work of the expedition when mapping the coastal districts and the lower reaches of the rivers flowing to the east of the Mimika. As will be seen on reading the following extracts, the journeys were made in the small motor-boat which had been purchased for work on the Mimika, and, though accompanied by considerable risk, were safely accomplished. The work done will, no doubt, prove very valuable geographically, as it will enable the survey party to complete their map of the southern and central parts of Dutch New Guinea to the south of the Snow Mountains:

"WAKATIMI.

March 28th.—Here is a short account of our recent movements. On February 28th, with the assistance of natives, Marshall and Wollaston again visited the pygmy village and made a final effort to see the women. Though an offer of one axe per woman was made, and afterwards increased to two axes for a sight of one, the men steadily refused. Some photographs and several careful measurements of the men were taken, the latter agreeing almost exactly with those obtained by Grant, the average height of fifty or so being 4ft. 7in. In the meantime I went eastward along the coast, entered the Atoeka River and camped the first night at the village of Atoeka, an immense row of huts stretching continuously for just on a mile. The number of houses was about 600, and I estimated the population at from 2,000 to 2,500 individuals. The motor-boat had been working somewhat erratically, but next day I continued my journey up stream and entered the Kamura River, which bifurcates, forming the Atoeka and Kamura Rivers. Continuing northwards I reached the junction, a glorious stretch of water which takes the waters of the Tuaba, Kamura, Wataikwa and Iwaka Rivers. The weather was very dry and the water very low, and this caused us to have a bad collision against a hidden tree trunk, which threw Bahadur overboard and all the rest of us on to our faces. Next day I returned, this time following the Kamura branch and passed Kamura Village, consisting of about 250 huts and from 1,000 to 1,500 people. The men all waded out during the halt, but none was

allowed on board, as they looked a much lower class of native than any formerly seen.

As we continued our way down the river we had perpetual trouble with sparking of the plugs. During one stoppage four canoes from Kamura caught us up and tried to steal boxes out of the yawl which we were hauling. For a time they were kept away by threats of

shooting, and then, the motor starting afresh, we soon left them behind. These people were less dressed than others, half the men and many of the women being quite naked. Lower down we entered a glorious bay six miles long and from two to three miles broad, into which also flowed the Wandia River. We camped at the mouth, and after various adventures returned late the following night to Wakatimi.

Marshall and Wollaston with the remaining stores and coolies

had meanwhile arrived, on March 10th, having given over the camp at Paramau to the natives, who gave them a great send off accompanied by much wailing. Having overhauled the motor-boat, the error was discovered and rectified, after which the engines worked perfectly. Wollaston, Marshall and I therefore decided to explore the Wandia and Aika Rivers, taking with us the yawl, a few men and supplies for seven days. The party consisted of ten in all.

We left on the 14th, and made a good run of twenty miles down the coast, though the sea was rather rough, hitting off the entrance to the Kamura and Wandia Rivers at low water. We found the bar had changed, completely blocking the mouth, so proceeded onwards and tried another mouth four miles further east, but again failed to cross the bar. We were therefore obliged to return, and decided to shelter in Mimika for the night and start afresh the following day. When we arrived opposite the Atoeka River the motor-boat suddenly ceased to advance, though the engines were working perfectly. The worst of all possible accidents had happened—the propeller had gone. The wind and sea were rising rapidly, a two-knot current was running in the wrong direction, and a wild surf covered the shore and the bars.

The small ship's yawl accompanying us was at once put on to tow, but it not only made no headway, but lost ground. The only possible thing to be done was to anchor and ride out the storm, so there we remained from 3 p.m. till daybreak, passing a horrible night. Every minute the rope of the yawl (which had already broken once that day) was expected to snap. Had this happened she would probably have been driven on to the surf-covered bars and lost. The same would have occurred if the anchor of the motor-boat had dragged badly. Half-a-dozen times we expected to see the yawl swamped, but fortunately everything held, and by daybreak, the sea and the wind having fallen considerably (men were kept baling both boats all night), we transferred all the men, stores, etc., to the yawl and cast loose. As you may imagine, we were deeply laden, but Fortune was with us, and we were not swamped. Although we dared not try to reach the native village of Nimé, a passage was found through the surf into the nearest bay, called Tité. Finally we grounded on a sandbank, and had to remain there



A NATIVE OF NEW GUINEA IN FULL DRESS.



CANNIBALS FROM THE INTERIOR OF HUMBOLDT'S BAY.

for the day, reaching land at high tide about midnight. Camp was pitched by 2.30 a.m., and all turned thankfully in.

Two hours later, at about 4.30 a.m., we started afresh, and the sea, having fallen, reached the motor-boat, and took her in tow, but, being unable to cross the bar in time, grounded her in a fairly sheltered spot. At midnight we again turned out, and after two hours' work in the water got her over the bar and berthed her safely. Natives now turned up, and four of them assisted us by paddling, the yawl again towing. Finally we reached Nimé, and with the assistance of ten natives paddled the motor-boat to the Mimika. So ended five terrible days. On reaching the mouth of the Mimika River we saw the Zwann from Ambon approaching, and her launch towed us up to Wakatimi.

Now we are here, with nothing to do but pack up and wait for a ship to take us off." W. R. OGILVIE-GRANT.

GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENTAL STATIONS.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN HOLLAND.)

HOLLAND is nothing if not practical, and well would it be for the Government of Great Britain to look after its agriculture as does the Government of Holland. In whichever way we turn we find evidence of this—of science being brought not as the austere instructress, but as the willing help to agriculture. In order to do this, various experimental stations have been set up to make investigations and to conduct experiments in the interest of agriculture; to analyse, on the request of those interested, products of agriculture and dairying, to test fertilisers and feeding-stuffs at a low, officially fixed fee, and to combat the adulteration of feeding-stuffs, fertilisers and seeds. These agricultural experimental stations are Government institutions, and the work and methods to be followed there are ordered by the Minister of Agriculture. At the head of each station is a director, who has at his disposal a competent staff of chemists, analysts, bookkeepers, etc.

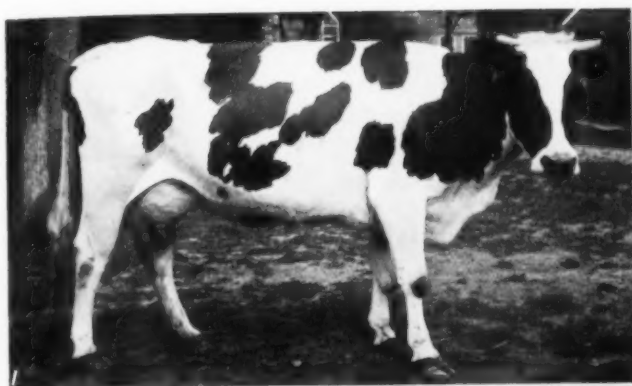
Model contracts for the buying of feeding-stuffs and fertilisers by farmers have been drafted, and this has had the result of awakening the Dutch farmers to have their purchases analysed. It will be interesting to note the numbers of samples analysed at each of the stations in 1903 and 1909 respectively: Goes, 2,810—4,999; Groningen, 3,387—6,041; Hoorn, 5,602—4,314; Maastricht, 1,233—3,103; Wageningen, 2,646—4,563; Wageningen, seed-testing, 1,580—2,234; an increase in favour of 1909 of nearly 8,000 samples. Latterly the work of these experimental stations has been divided into two separate departments, one for scientific research and the other for analyses of samples sent. Investigations have been made in connection with the composition of the soil, the influence of sea-water on the land, the effect of manuring, and physiological experiments affecting plant-life have also been made. The total number of persons forming the six stations is 120, who, besides drawing good salaries, receive pensions on retirement. The annual expenditure, exclusive of buildings, amounts to about £13,125, and the fees for testing, etc., amount to about £3,446. These fees are fixed very low, 10d. for each qualitative analysis and double this for quantitative analysis. But, well aware of the fact that all goods do not go through the Government mill under the usual form of warranted sale, there are two Government inspectors, who go round to the farms and take samples of the various feeding-stuffs and fertilisers. If such samples, on analysis, are found not to be what they purported to be, the vendor is warned; then, if he does not heed the warning and mend his ways, his name is officially published by the agricultural experimental station.

As the agricultural experimental station at Hoorn is most particularly interested with all researches regarding dairy matters, and has a special department for bacteriological purposes, it might be of interest to give a few details in connection with it. The Government pays £2,666 to run it, and receives back in fees for analyses £625 per annum. About £125 per annum is lost in connection with stock bought and sold and used for experimental purposes. Disposing of the analytical side first, Dr. B. R. de Bruyn, the Director, said that in 1910 2,300 samples of fertilisers and 1,700 samples of feeding-stuffs were tested. Very few fertilisers were found adulterated; but among feeding-stuffs adulteration was particularly met with in linseed and rice meals, and most noticeably in the smaller quantities that would not be likely to be purchased on analysis. Here the value of the travelling inspectors came in. The staff consisted of the Director, with a chief each for the bacteriological and chemical laboratories. These in turn have their chief assistants, with four other assistants, two pupils, a man for supervising the

experiments and four labourers, and three clerks for administrative purposes. On the farm a farmer with his wife resides. The latter does the cheese-making, and there is also a servant kept. It really appears to be a very large staff kept at a very moderate expense. The laboratories are perfectly equipped, and contain a very delicate appliance adapted by Dr. Van Dan for the determination of acidity in milk and curd to a degree of fineness never before attained, and which would be of the greatest value to British Cheddar cheesemakers, as being more delicate than the acidimeter that they now have in use. Here also are prepared fresh and reliable starters for either cheese or butter making, which can be obtained at a cost of only 3d. per bottle. Careful rennet testing is carried out here, the test being to see how many parts of milk will be coagulated by one part of rennet in forty minutes. Sugar beets are tested for sugar content, spray fluids for purity and efficiency, water as being suitable for drinking or dairying, etc.; in fact, it is perfectly at the service of the farmer as to his requirements from scientific knowledge. As Hoorn is the cheese control station for North Holland, it may be interesting to give some details of the working of the experimental farm associated therewith. This farm comprises some 62 acres, all grassland. As the stock are being bought in for experimental purposes, they must not be considered as all models. Edam cheesemaking is practised. The milk is under control from the moment it leaves the cow, samples being taken for analysis by the scientists. The evening milk is set in a huge oblong tank and the cream taken off it for butter-making. The whole morning's milk is added to the evening's milk in such proportions as to guarantee a cheese containing not less than 45 per cent. of fat in the dry matter. The milk is heated to 84deg. Fahr. It coagulates in half-an-hour; the curd is then cut. It is scalded at 92deg. Fahr., and stands for half-an-hour. It is then salted and placed in the moulds under the very simple and practical Edam lever press. The establishment of this cheese control is entirely due to the separator. Years ago Dutch cheese had a very fine reputation all over the world when it was made in the old farmhouses with old-time appliances unfitted for adulteration or "faking." When creameries became established, these brought into requisition up-to-date machinery, including separators. The separated milk was then made up into skim cheese containing only the merest traces of fat. This cheese, like the best cheese, was equally coloured by annatto; a method of artificially introducing moisture was also practised, so that while this cheese was very new it had all the appearance of full fat cheese. Cheesemakers and consumers alike insisted on the adoption of a mark which would give a guarantee of quality to the consumer and protect the cheesemaker and the honest merchant against unfair competition. Apart from a warranty that the cheese is made from whole milk, a guarantee is also given that the cheese does not contain less than 45 per cent. of butter-fat in the dry matter. The result of the analysis of over 1,300 samples of full-cream cheese during three successive years has shown that the average percentage of fat in the dry matter of the cheese is over 48, that about half the number contained from 47 per cent. to 50 per cent., and that one-fourth of the analysed samples gave more than 50 per cent. of fat in the dry matter. Thus it will be seen that the 45 per cent. under the control does not press unduly hard on the maker. A control stamp, which perforates the rind of the cheese, is used, and this stamp has certain marks for each maker, so that he can be easily traced if anything is wrong with his cheese. Each cheese is impressed with the standard control mark and a changeable mark of the particular mark of the factory where it is made. The control station has the issuing of these marks and the registration in connection therewith. There was nothing much to see in the experimental farm buildings except that the tail-lifting apparatus was in use. This prevents the cows from being soiled by means of the tail becoming dirty while lying down. By means of a cord the tail is automatically lifted when the cow lies down. I have endeavoured to show in these brief notes the many-sided interests there are attached to a Dutch Government agricultural experimental station, and no finer example could be taken of such than the work now being so efficiently carried out at Hoorn. The following table, which gives the yield of the cows illustrated on the opposite page, will be read with interest:

Name and No. of Cow.	No. of Milking Days.	Actual yield during Milking Days.			Ave. per cent. of Fat.
		Milk.	Fat.	Solids other than dry matter (or fat free of dry matter.)	
1. Tryntje	299	4,575kg.	151kg.	535kg.	3'29
2. Meitje	303	4,427 "	158 "	400 "	3'57
3. Lwarthak III.	284	4,174 "	151 "	373 "	3'63
4. Jeanne Brunder					
II. No. 87 M.B.	315	3,717 "	109 "	318 "	2'96
5. Stuijt	316	5,223 "	205 "	480 "	3'93
6. Maartje II.	330	4,851 "	147 "	439 "	3'00
7. Eksterbont	331	4,137 "	131 "	345 "	3'17
8. Betje	261	3,356 "	140 "	293 "	4'17
9. Kjoningin	285	5,020 "	177 "	476 "	3'14
10. Roosje II.	282	4,613 "	155 "	403 "	3'36

E.W.



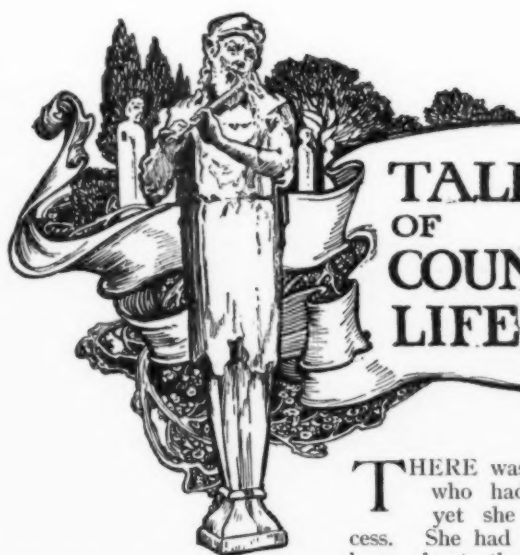
TYPICAL DUTCH MILKERS.



W. Tate.

WORKING FOR A FIND.

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE ENCHANTED ORCHARD.

BY
LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.



THERE was a poor soul who had no bread; yet she was a Princess. She had wandered so long about the world that

her eyes had faded from blue to grey, her velvet cloak was patched with sackcloth, and instead of silver sandals she wore an old pair of torn leather shoes which a tramp had given her. But whether she was hungry or thirsty, hot or cold, wet or dry, she hardly knew, for all her heart was set on finding her betrothed, Prince Arivale. He had been lured from her side by the Green Enchantress who sits on the banks of streams which run through deep woods, her eyes fixed on the water; but when she raises them, whoever sees is bound to her for evermore. She had raised them on Arivale one summer afternoon when the Princess slept, and instantly his blood became a stream of cold, grey water and swept him towards the Enchantress. And since then the Princess had wandered vainly seeking for him, with no other thought in her heart.

She had trodden all the roads in the world many times over, and the roads loved her and made themselves as soft as they might for her feet, whispering a greeting as they passed and repassed, but she paid no heed. The mocking winds which blow lightly from land to land, when year after year they met her still on the same quest, taunted her, beating in her eyes with their great wings, but she heard nothing. She wandered on, the days turned to years, and still she never ceased from her quest of Prince Arivale.

But one day, when she had neither slept nor eaten for long, and the dust lay heavy on her hair and feet, and the sun had burned the grass till it cracked like dry wood, she saw, lying a little off the road, an orchard, surrounded by a high briar-rose hedge, covered with pink and white roses. Inside the orchard the grass grew waist-high, the trees were heavy with fruit, although it was not autumn, and a little breeze whispered in the branches, inviting her to enter. It seemed to her the most alluring place in the world, so she went in and lay full length beneath one of the largest trees, whose branches swept over her like a tent. Instantly all her trouble departed from her; she grew happy; she longed to dance and clap her hands for joy; her grief seemed to slip from her shoulders like a stained garment—the air was soft and full of the scent of flowers. She closed her eyes, smiling. All around her she heard a low, gay, elfin music, which she thought at first must be the laughter of the birds, but which really came from myriads of little silver bells which hung, tinkling, under each leaf. All her thoughts seemed to turn to little bells, too, and rang her softly to sleep. So she slept, and when she awoke next day, still smiling, it was sunrise.

She felt as though her heart had been removed while she slept and all her troubles cleaned out of it. She was still hungry, so she picked up one of the apples which lay at her feet and bit it. At once her hunger was satisfied, and the apple healed again immediately. Of its own accord it fell from her hand and rolled a little way in front of her. She followed, and it rolled on right through the briar hedge and out upon the road. Still it rolled before her down the road, and the Princess knew she must follow. Outside the wind was blowing and the rain fell heavily, though in the orchard not a leaf stirred. All her troubles, which had been waiting for her return, tried to force their way back into her heart; but they could not, for her heart knew that the apple would lead her at last to Arivale, and there was no room for any other thought. The apple became her guide. It rolled always a few yards ahead of her, and when she was hungry she would eat as much of it as she wanted and it at once became whole again. At night it led her to those houses where she was sure of receiving shelter or to some warm corner in the woods or fields. She followed as though in a dream; but now

her eyes turned almost blue once more and she held her head proudly when the winds mocked at her.

But she had far to go. First the apple led her through the warm countries where the flowers are like perpetual flames, kept alight by the sun, and vines spring from the earth to the sound of singing. Then the vines grew rarer and she came to a region of black rocks and hills burnt to a fierce brown where nothing grew, and after to the Great Forest, where no man adventures and the storm winds hang sleeping like bats from the topmost branches. Here she spent three days and nights in utter darkness, save for the apple, which turned to a globe of fire; and the silence about her was soft and suffocating, like soot, so that she had to force her way through it with both hands. And, further still, she came to the utter desolation of the shores which lie round the frozen sea, which even the winds may not approach without falling stark and dead, and where the stars dare not shine. No one knows what is beyond; it is wrapped always in a thick, grey mist, through which vague shapes of monstrous flying or crawling creatures move vaguely, but there is no sound. "Alas! must I go even here?" cried the Princess, as she stood on the dreadful brink of that sea. But the apple rolled on. Then she remembered Arivale, alone among these terrors, and her heart smote her for having delayed a moment, and she entered the fog, which clung round her closely and secretly like a garment.

The apple moved in front of her like a point of light, else she could see nothing. Shapeless things touched her and tangled round her feet. For a time the air was full of low hissing sounds and she seemed moving among trees every leaf of which was a snake. She felt herself in the midst of horrors, and shuddered at the thought of what Arivale must have endured. At last she came to a place where the fog gave way to a bleak twilight, chilly and dead, as at the beginning of the world, and there, his head pillowed on a block of ice, lay Arivale, smiling as he slept, on each side of him an evil dream, green and transparent, whispering in his ear, for it is here the Enchantress lures her victims and leaves them lost for ever, slowly to dream themselves to death.

When the dreams saw the Princess they fled terrified, for nothing living had ever come there before, and Arivale stirred in his sleep; but they left their poison in his blood, and, indeed, had eaten his heart away already, so that it was no longer anything more than a little white dust. But he was still alive. The Princess knelt and kissed him, and her kiss stabbed him through and through like a knife. He opened his eyes. Then she put the apple to his lips, and the juice of it ran through his veins like sunlight. He saw the Princess and knew her, changed as she was after all her wanderings.

A great anger filled him, for he was dreaming sweet and terrible things, and his whole spirit yearned after the dreams which had left him. He had no longer any heart to rejoice with at the sight of the Princess. "Why did you break into my sleep?" he said, and his eyes looked strangely at her through the mist.

"Arivale," said the Princess, "you are dazed because of evil enchantments; but see my hands and feet and garments. They are torn, and my soul is torn to tatters because of the long search I have made for you up and down the world. But now come quickly where there is sunlight. For now I have found you my joy makes me weary, and I fear lest I also fall into an evil sleep."

"You are no longer fair," said Arivale, "and it is long since I have felt any need of you. Sleep, therefore, if you will; for my part I will seek for the Enchantress again, who will renew my dreams."

"Alas!" said the Princess, "will you not support me, my beloved, for I am very tired and my limbs tremble through fear?"

"What have I to do with you?" said Arivale, "and why do you trouble me?" And he turned away from her and moved through the mist.

"Yet without me you will be lost," said the Princess, for the apple remained motionless at her feet. So perforce he had to be guided by her, and they moved through the mist, silent, since Arivale would not speak from sorrowing for his dream.

The Princess had felt neither cold nor hunger nor thirst before; now every step was suffering. They passed through the Great Forest and the country of black stones and the glad flowering country which is full of vines and singing. Arivale hated her more and more, and the desire for his evil dreams flickered in and out of his eyes like green flames.

So they went in silence, and all the words the Princess did not say and the tears she would not weep turned back upon her heart and soaked it through and through. Sometimes it became so heavy she could hardly bear the weight, and stumbled. Then Arivale had to support her or she would have fainted; but when she touched his hand it was cold and comfortless, and like the hand of a dead man.

At last they reached the orchard, and though on the road it was midwinter, within the grass rose waist-high and bright red apples hung upon the boughs. A great longing for rest possessed them both, so they entered and lay down under the thick drooping branches, only this time neither sleep nor happiness came to the Princess. She sat watching Arivale, who slept, and she saw his eyelids flicker sorrowfully because they remembered the dream which would not return. Then a sad curiosity moved her. She thought: "What can have taken such possession of his heart that the thought of me, which once filled it utterly, has been so effaced? Could anything be strong enough? Surely there must be something of me left!" Then she put her ear against his heart to listen to its beating, and when she heard nothing, she cried out in agony, for she thought he must be dead. But she saw he still breathed, and then, since love and suffering had made her keen-sighted, suddenly her eyes pierced through his flesh and she saw that where his heart once was was now nothing but a little white dust. "Ah!" she cried, in terror, "but without a heart he must die. What shall I do?" Then she remembered her own heart. So she dragged the living heart out of her breast and placed it in his, and, since her heart was all her life and she could not live without it, died at once.

When Arivale awoke he was surprised at the unfamiliar life which stirred within him. He felt like one half-frozen, whose blood begins to flow again, and the sensation was painful and bewildering, yet half sweet. He rose and left the orchard, forgetting the Princess, and ever the sense of returning life grew stronger within him. At last he plainly felt the heart beating in his breast. "What is this?" he said. But the heart was not at peace. "I am the heart of her you loved," it answered; "but where is your heart which should welcome me?" and its grief made it so heavy that Arivale stumbled beneath it and almost fell.

So the sorrow which lay in the Princess' heart became Arivale's, and he might not escape from it. Now he knew all she had endured for his sake, and wept, and the green fire which flickered in his eyes was quenched by his tears. Because of the grief which had been hers and the lonely voice of the heart crying he could neither eat nor sleep. All this time the Princess lay dead in the orchard. But even though she was dead she could not rest. "What is this crying in my ears which keeps me from sleep?" she said. Then, suddenly stung back to life, she raised herself on one elbow to listen. She recognised the crying of her own heart, lamenting in the Prince's breast where it had found no welcome. "Alas! what pain I have brought my beloved!" she said. Then she rose very stiffly and, guided by the sound of crying, found Arivale and led him back to the orchard, soothing him very tenderly, as though he were a sick child.

"I will take my heart back again," she said, "for you are of those who can live without a heart; then we will bury it in the orchard. You will forget me, and we shall both be at peace," and very tenderly she withdrew her heart from where it lay, feverish and wasted, in his breast. But when Arivale felt the emptiness again this seemed to him more intolerable even than the sorrow caused by the heart, and he begged the Princess to replace it once more. She weighed it in her two hands gravely for a little. "It is very heavy—too heavy for one person," she said. Then a thought struck her. "We can divide it!" she cried. "Perhaps you will endure it that way." She broke it in two like an apple, and half lay beating in the breast of each. So the Princess and Arivale had only one heart between them. They sat down on the grass side by side, as they used to, and it seemed to them that they had gone back many years to the day on which Arivale had seen the Enchantress; for now the poison was quite washed from his

blood and he was cured. They were both so happy that it became impossible for them even to remember how sorrowful they had been. The branches of the apple trees (which were all enchanted) wove themselves into a palace covered with a trellis-work of bright red apples and little silver bells, which continued growing and changing into all kinds of different shapes, and here they lived for evermore without even wishing to leave the orchard, since after the many troubles they had gone through they needed a long time in which to love each other quietly for the rest of their lives.

IN THE GARDEN.

A WILD FERN GARDEN.

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

THE planting of hardy Ferns should be one of the most beautiful forms of wild gardening. Though they are well suited for many uses in the garden proper, yet, for their full enjoyment in fair quantity, the sentiment of association with shade in woody places is the one that is the most sympathetic. Therefore a copse, or any kind of woodland that adjoins or approaches garden ground, should form the most desirable setting for the Fern garden. Best of all would be some natural pathway in a shaded hollow. Such a place often occurs in wooded land—possibly a former pack-horse track, or some such ancient way, that has long gone out of use, but that retains its form and has acquired a rich surface soil, precious for Ferns, from the accumulation of the decayed leaves of hundreds of years.

There can be no better place for the Fern garden. The path is not exactly straight, but very gently winding, after the usual way of a wild path that goes with the natural swing of the ground. When such a garden has to be made, it is commonly dug out in some roundish or oval form, with a raised island in the middle; but if it is made like this it never loses that artificial appearance that is not quite in harmony with what is to be planted, whereas the wood-walk, with its shallow banks sloping up easily to the natural floor of the wood, provides exactly what is most suitable. If the banks do not exist and have to be made, it is better to dig out and remove the poorer subsoil than to pile anything on the sides; the appearance is much better. The labour is not formidable, for a depth of eighteen inches down to the path level is quite enough. Such a depth, with a path not more than four feet wide, and the banks rising on a very slight convex line for from ten to twelve feet, and then dying away into the natural wood-level, will give a quite easy and informal look to the place. But there may also be subsidiary hollows running up into the bank, and in making these it will generally be found that they should not be hollowed straight out of the bank, but a little diagonally, according to the lie of the ground and its natural movement. If the wood path leads down to moister ground, it is all the better, for though the greater number of the hardy Ferns, both native and exotic, will do well on the banks, yet there are some that are true bog-plants.

As in many other special kinds of gardening, there is no reason why, although the place is called the Fern garden, it should contain nothing but Ferns. The same conditions suit many other plants, some of them blooming in spring when the Ferns have not yet made their fronds. Such are Snowdrops, Primroses, Daffodils, the many forms of Wood Anemone and the charming little Wood-sorrel. In early summer there should be the neat little *Smilacina bifolia* and the fairy-like *Trientalis*, and, a little further back among the Ferns, in specially-made pockets of deep leaf-mould, groups of *Trillium grandiflorum*. The Spanish Squills, blue, white and pale pink, should also be among the Ferns, with *Uvularia grandiflora*, *Dentaria* and Wood-ruff, and, further back, Solomon's Seal and white Foxgloves. The Ferns themselves should be in handsome masses, cleverly placed, with single plants suitably detached from the main groups. They will be mainly the native Male Fern, Hart's-tongue and the singularly beautiful Dilated Shield Fern. The planting will have an all the more natural appearance if it is not upon the banks alone, but stretches away back into the wood. If the soil is light or peaty, and Bracken grows spontaneously, it will be all the better, the planted Ferns joining harmoniously with the wild.

The smaller kinds of native Ferns, such as the Oak and Beech Ferns and such as the pretty American *Dicksonia punctilobula*—a creeping, rooted kind that soon spreads in cool, peaty ground—would come to the front. Where the ground is moister it will be well to have large clumps of Lady Fern and Osmunda, with the European *Struthiopteris*, again Dilated Shield Fern, *Blechnum* and two of the American species, *Osmunda cinnamomea* and *Onoclea sensibilis*.

The greater number of our native Ferns are subject to variation of form, sporting into curious slashings, duplications and feathery crestring. Many Fern-lovers take delight in getting these together and making gardens of them alone. Such a collection is less suited for the wild-garden treatment here advised, though in itself extremely interesting. Those who collect such varieties will find in a recent book, "British Ferns and Their Varieties" (Routledge), by a kindred enthusiast of exhaustive native Fern knowledge, Mr. C. T. Druery, a complete discourse and description of a fully representative series of known variations, copiously illustrated.

INFORMAL EDGINGS FOR GARDEN PATHS.

IN many gardens, more especially those surrounding old-fashioned houses, the use of formal edges, such as one so frequently meets with, is generally quite out of keeping with the surroundings, and on more than one occasion the writer has advocated the use of some low-growing plant that would form a natural margin to the pathway and be attractive at all seasons. The accompanying illustration indicates the attractiveness of an edging of this description. In this particular instance the well-known thrice-forked Saxifrage, *Saxifraga trifurcata*, has been utilised for the purpose, and at the time when the photograph was taken it was converted into a ribbon-like margin with its myriads of starlike white blossoms. When out of flower the green foliage of this Saxifrage makes a beautiful moss-like carpet, and serves well to define, in a natural manner, the limits of pathway and garden. It is one of the easiest plants to grow, and will thrive in almost any garden soil providing it is well drained. *Saxifraga trifurcata* is a native of Spain, and was introduced to this country more than a century ago.

THE ORIENTAL POPPIES.

The large-flowered herbaceous plants known under the general name of Oriental Poppies form one of the brightest and most interesting features of our borders and large lawn beds during the month of June, the floral display sometimes being prolonged well into July. The old scarlet flower, with its boss of black anthers, has for many years been a familiar plant to us all; but during the last decade a number of other varieties, differing chiefly in the colour of their blossoms, have been raised and put into commerce. Unfortunately, some of these are not good garden plants, inasmuch as their flowers lack that clearness of colour that is essential in plants suitable for adding beauty to the outdoor garden. One of the best of the new-comers is Jeannie Mawson. This has large, bold flowers of rich salmon pink tint, with purple blotches at the bases of the petals. Cerise Beauty, as its name implies, is coloured cerise pink, and is a most attractive flower when well grown. In Princess Ena we have a light orange salmon Poppy of great charm, and one that is delightful as a cut flower. In common with other members of the family, the Oriental Poppies should be cut just when the buds are bursting. They will then open freely in water and reveal to the fullest extent the delicate beauty of the crimped petals.

CANTERBURY BELLS AND WALLFLOWERS.

The excuse, if any be needed, for referring to these old-fashioned yet pleasing flowers in this column is that the latter days of May and the first week or ten days of June are the most suitable period of the year during which to sow the seeds. Often, owing to the stress of other work in the garden, this is overlooked until too late in the year. Fortunately, the raising of these flowers from seeds does not present any difficulties. The seeds may be sown in prepared beds in the open garden, and if watered generously and frequently during dry weather they will quickly germinate. It is in the tardy transplanting of the seedlings that total or partial failure lies. A weak, attenuated plant of either kind is practically useless; even should it survive until then it is almost certain to succumb to the cold frosts of January and February. When from two to three inches high the

seedlings ought to be transplanted ten inches apart, either in nursery beds or, if possible, where they are intended to flower. Both of these plants are welcome in every garden, and by sowing seeds at the present time a good collection of young plants for flowering next year can be easily obtained.

THE PERUVIAN NASTURTIUM.

The so-called Nasturtium family, though not a large one, contains two members that are of more than passing interest. One is the Flame Nasturtium (*Tropaeolum speciosum*) that thrives so well in the moist districts on the West Coast of England and Scotland, but which does not appear to be able to withstand the drier atmosphere found in many localities. The other is the



W. A. Call.

AN INFORMAL BORDER OF SAXIFRAGE.

Copyright.

Peruvian Nasturtium (*Tropaeolum tuberosum*), a handsome, slender climbing plant eminently suited for those gardens where the soil is poor and dry and where the majority of plants only live on sufferance. The conical-shaped and deeply-indent tubers are offered for sale by many hardy plant specialists during the spring months, and these in themselves are handsome, the rich yellow ground colour being freely splashed and mottled with crimson. These tubers may be planted from four inches to six inches deep any time from the end of April until the end of May, taking care to select a sunny position in the poorest soil. If planted in rich soil, the plants grow freely enough but fail to flower, a trait characteristic in a lesser degree of the annual Nasturtiums. *Tropaeolum tuberosum* grows from two feet to four feet high, and for support should be given some twiggy hazel or birch boughs, over which it will ramble freely. When bedecked with its rich scarlet and yellow flowers, this plant is one of the most pleasing climbers, and never fails to arouse interest. The tubers, which, though edible,

are not very palatable, should be lifted in autumn and stored away from frost for the winter.

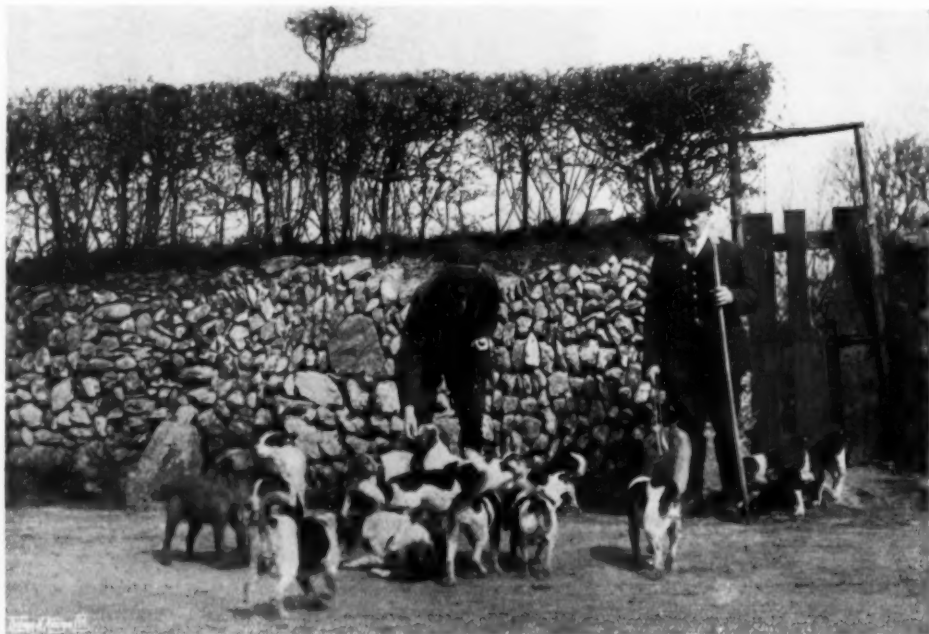
AN IRIS FOR THE WATER-SIDE.

Among those Irises which appreciate being treated as sub-aquatics, the charming *Iris sibirica* is about the easiest to grow, and is calculated to give the greatest amount of pleasure with a minimum amount of care. It flowers towards the end of May or early in June, when its variable blossoms are produced in abundance from the bed of rich green, erect, sword-like foliage. If planted in masses so that the roots are just under water during the summer months, this Iris will be happy. Spring is a good period of the year to do any transplanting that may be necessary. The flowers

of the type are deep blue, but there are several varieties, those with pale blue and white flowers respectively being particularly pleasing. In height the plants range from two feet six inches to four feet, and when judiciously grouped impart an Oriental appearance to their surroundings. This Iris is a native of Siberia, hence its common name, Siberian Flag. Its natural distribution appears to cover a very wide area, as it occurs growing wild in Central and Southern Europe. It was introduced to this country towards the end of the sixteenth century, and it is now, by reason of its beautiful flowers and the ease with which it may be grown, one of the best-known Irises in cultivation. The flowers are pleasing in a cut state, for the half-opened buds may be gathered and allowed to develop indoors, where their beauty will be revealed to the fullest extent. H.

WEASEL-HOUNDS.

PACKS of weasel-hounds are so rare that their existence is but little known, and mention of them causes general surprise. The one of which I now write, called the Bellmount Beagles, was formed in 1897, when fox-hunting was stopped in the Muskerry country in County Cork, the nucleus, three and a-half couple of hounds, being drawn from a then existing pack belonging to Captain Sarsfield at Cork. This year one couple has been bought from a pack of English weasel-hounds in Northamptonshire. The Bellmount Beagles is a private family pack, the Master, Captain Herrick, taking no subscription, and the kennels being close to his house at Crookstown, County Cork. It consists of twelve and a-half couple of mixed hounds, eleven inches to twelve inches high, and of beagle breed. They are, indeed, of a very diminutive and engaging appearance, and to make pets of them must be practically irresistible. That this is the case may be gathered from the fact that the Master's wife dates the turning-point of a very long and serious illness from the day when her cook smuggled, under her apron, one little hound, Marquis by name, into her bedroom that she might have a sight of him. This hound is the general favourite among visitors to the pack, and was alluded to by someone with no great memory for names as "the one you call the lord." His portly figure would, I fear, horrify most huntsmen; but who that knows him could wish his shadow to grow less? A small Irish terrier, Amelia, also runs with the pack, and is very keen. But she does not enjoy herself thoroughly if Mrs. Herrick is



THE MASTER AND THE KENNEL HUNTSMAN.

not out. Amelia's daughter, Mrs. Brown, joins in the hunt, but is even more inseparable from her mistress. To the list must be added one fox-terrier, Spot, who looks quite large by the side of the beagles. One of the latter, with the misleading name of Dainty, is particularly fond of lunch, and will come and sniff at one's pockets at any convenient check.

There is a kennel huntsman, who helps the Master in the field, but no other whippers-in. It is considered to be especially typical of an Irish pack that, whereas the hounds are called weasel-hounds, there are no weasels in Ireland. The quarry is really the stoat. The season lasts from March to October, with an interval during harvest operations. The country is one of undulating grass, rough land, and a small proportion of arable. The hills are dotted over with strong gorse bushes, gorgeous in colour, and penetratingly sweet in scent in the springtime, which form an excellent covert for the little red animal. The meet, once a week, is at eleven o'clock, and the pack is driven to the appointed place in a small hound-van. The followers consist of the gentry of the immediate neighbourhood, who arrive by motor, dog-cart, bicycle or on foot. The farmers are quite friendly to the Hunt, but do not often join personally in the sport. They make no objection to, nor claim for, damage to crops or fences, and preserve the stoats on the understanding that the gentry leave unmolested the hares, which they like to course. No one is allowed to ride to hounds.



HELPING THEM OVER.

The uniform of the Hunt is dark green coat and breeches, with yellow collar and tie and brass buttons. When the usual law has been given, the hounds throw off over the fields and draw the gorse bushes and along the sides of the stone walls, which in this country form the divisions between the fields and are much overgrown by bushes and scrub, which form good covert. As soon as the necessary article is found, the hounds give tongue in no measured accents; and during the whole hunt their music is most inspiring. Encouragement one certainly needs as the chase progresses, and one's run becomes a jog, the jog a walk. Over hill and dale, sometimes under a blazing sun, it is hard work to keep pace with the fleeting little pack. Sometimes the weasel (as one cannot help calling him, although he is not one) runs along the wall sides, sometimes through chains of gorse bushes (which is rather a boon, as it checks the pace), sometimes across the open, when the hills prove very trying. On one historical occasion the hounds made a six-mile point. A good deal of the ground is interspersed with bog of a more or less harmless nature, where the moisture much assists the hounds to scent. The followers must be prepared to get their feet wet, and after the first plunge this is pleasantly cooling.

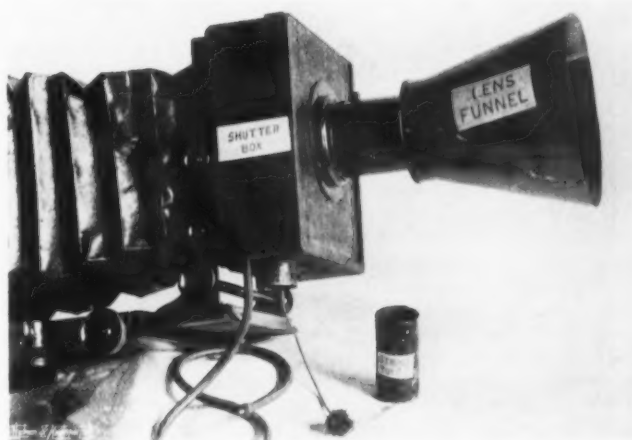
The obstacles to be negotiated are the stone walls, streams, boggy places and timber fences. The walls are generally grass-grown and broad at the top, and the experts leap lightly on to them with the help of long sticks and jump off to the other side. The less agile crawl up and slide down, not so quickly nor elegantly, but, nevertheless, effectively. The hounds have to

make a considerable effort in jumping up the walls, and are often glad of a helping hand from any friend who happens to be near, and especially old Marquis, who is constantly in difficulties; but they do not like help from a stranger. They give loud yelps of distress when they think they cannot manage the obstacle. Over the streams one may find some helping stones, but often delusively unstable; as to the boggy places, one must just plunge and trust to luck. When a suitable occasion arises, between 1.30 and 2.30 p.m., a halt is called for lunch. Someone generally has a plentiful supply of sandwiches, cakes and something to drink in a dog-cart which has been driven along the roads, keeping in touch with the direction in which the hounds are running. Then the social side of the proceedings, always a feature of these meetings, comes well to the front, and the *al fresco* lunch is thoroughly enjoyed. The hounds also take a marked interest in this part of the programme. Dainty, of course, being well to the front. The hunt sometimes ends here, but at others a fresh draw is made after lunch. A hunt very often ends by the weasel getting to ground in the walls, in stone-heaps, or similar havens of refuge, and his small size puts him at a great advantage in this respect. Efforts are made, although not very systematically, to dig him out; but, as often as not, he saves his brush. That he does not always do so is shown by the little pads and brushes which adorn the caps of the men and the hats of the ladies who follow the Hunt, proving that the miniature pack can give a good account of itself and carry a hunt to its proper conclusion. SOPHY HERAPATH.

BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY.

THERE is a general impression that bird photography requires infinite patience, and that its votaries have to keep for hours in awkward positions, leading to temporary paralysis and all the risks attending long immersion in mud or water. It is with the aim of dispelling some of these difficulties that I wish, briefly, to explain my methods, in the hope of attracting others to a byepath of photography in which there is more sport to be obtained than in shooting, in that it calls for more skill and judgment and a greater knowledge of woodcraft. In my experience there is no absolute need for discomfort, and the amount of patience required depends, as in fishing, on the amount of skill and judgment available.

As regards expense, the whole outfit need not cost more than twelve or fifteen pounds. Mine consists of a Lancaster half-plate camera, which I bought second-hand ten years ago for two pounds ten shillings. I use a Thornton-Pickard T and I shutter, for safety and concealment contained in a home-made shutter-box clamped on to the front of the camera after the flange-board has been removed. The lens is a five-pound rectilinear of fifteen-inch focus by Watson, yielding a quarter life-size image when four feet nine inches from object. The tent is of self-supporting gipsy pattern, invented by my friend Hugh Earl. As it is only used during our annual holiday,



THE CAMERA.

extreme portability is sacrificed to comfort and efficiency. Before using any shutter, it is well to test it, *e.g.*, with Wynne's shutter-tester, the indicated speeds seldom according with the actual. My usual speed is one-twentieth of a second. Although I have a reflector camera with a focal-plane shutter, I think Kearton's choice of a twin-lens camera is preferable. The snap the shutter makes is after exposure, and is, therefore, not important, all birds soon becoming used to a harmless noise. A useful home-made addition is a guard for the shutter-string to prevent the tassel catching in the vegetation used in concealing the camera. It consists of a tubular tin box in two pieces, the upper fixed to the shutter-box and the lower fastening on to this by a bayonet catch after the string has been lowered into it. Another addition is a painted tin funnel fitting on to the lens hood to protect from sun, rain and stray pieces of covering. There are two positions in which the camera can be used, one from inside the tent and the other from outside, the exposure in the latter case being made by ball and tubing from the tent. The inside method has the advantage that a number of exposures can be made without disturbing the birds, so that it suffices for your helper to



PUTTING UP THE TENT.



SHELDRAKE PROSPECTING FOR BURROWS.

tuck you up in your tent and leave you till you have used up all your plates. You can also alter the diaphragm or shutter-speed if the light is varying rapidly. Kearton's observation that shy birds return much sooner if someone sees you into the tent and then walks away is only second in importance to his invention of the hiding tent. I have occasionally made use of the inside method, *e.g.*, in photographing gulls on mud-flats, the birds being attracted by fat scraps to the front of the tent; but it has many drawbacks when used for birds at the nest. The bird is far less scared by the concealed camera four feet from the nest than by the hiding tent at double the distance, and although I have spent an afternoon in the tent with a sitting golden plover seven feet away, the results were not as good as those by the outside method, not only being smaller, but also showing apprehension in the bird's expression owing to unavoidable noises in the tent due to my movements. With the outside method it is generally possible to make six to twelve exposures a day, quite enough for an evening's work, for I believe in developing as I go on. In focussing the nest to which the bird is expected

to return, it is well to define the side limits of the field of view by a couple of sticks or stones, or balls of sheep's-wool stuck in the heather, the bird having no objection to the presence of natural objects. Then the place where the bird is going to be taken is carefully focussed by means of an old letter, which, as the bird occupies three dimensions in space, should be held nearer the camera than the spot on which it will stand or sit. It is well to remember that, if there is much wind blowing, the bird will sit head to it for ease in rising when alarmed. To avoid undue prominence and also the subsequent effect in the photograph of looking down on the bird, the top of the camera should not be more than two and a-half feet above the ground. I use an ordinary tripod with the legs doubled up. Everything being ready, shutter and diaphragm set and slide pulled out to its fullest extent, the camera is covered with a piece of mackintosh, invaluable in case of rain; then heather, seaweed, or whatever the local vegetation available may be, is piled up round the camera and kept in position by means of thread or string. In choosing the covering, avoid anything edible, as goats, sheep, etc., might otherwise be tempted to browse off it. However tightly the camera may be screwed on to the tripod head, it is liable to swing round during this operation. Prevent this by previously glueing a piece of velvet on to the base board.

The site of the tent should be carefully chosen, so that if possible the bird may be plainly visible from it at the moment of exposure. The skeleton of Earl's tent is a rectangular frame of double laths to form the foundation, the upper and lower laths being kept apart by wooden bobbins and clamped together with long screws which pass through the reels and corresponding holes in the laths and nuts, eight bobbins being used. Each of the long side pair of laths has large holes in the upper lath corresponding with cups in the lower lath, so forming sockets into which the lower ends of rattan canes are fixed, the upper ends of the canes being fixed above by being passed through two long, narrow boards with holes in them, and when firmly lashed thus complete the skeleton. The cover is in two pieces, the lower forming floor, front and sides. The top



HEAD FIRST DOWN A BURROW.

is fixed by a running cord drawn through rings alternately attached to edge of top and bottom, so that a peep-hole can be made anywhere, and has two flaps at back fastened by tapes to form the door; the floor space is six and a-half feet by three and a-half feet. The tent is storm-proof. Over all is thrown coarse meshed netting, into which heather is stuck; there are, of course, no tent-pegs or guy ropes to fall over.

It is very important, when working with the camera inside the tent and close to the bird, to have the door well blocked, else your movements may be betrayed by the light behind you. No time is wasted in carefully concealing both tent and camera; any saved in this way may be afterwards dearly paid for by the bird's reluctance to return. In the case of very shy birds, a dummy camera should be fixed up close to the nest and left in position for a few days. In concealing myself from the bird's senses I consider that sight is all-important, hearing much less, and scent, including that of tobacco smoke, altogether negligible. All apparatus should be carefully tested before leaving home, especially as regards light tightness, as with a very difficult sitter I have before now left the plate in the camera with slide drawn and shutter set for twenty-four and forty-eight hours at a stretch. Double-backs should not require coddling in sheaths, although mackintosh sheaths are useful in rainy weather. The india-rubber tubing should always be also tested on the field for leaks, which generally, if present, are due to splitting near the brass couplings. I have given up the use of string to release the shutter, for if you give it a strong, sharp pull, and this is absolutely necessary if the exposure is to be made at the right moment, either something gives way or the camera topples over. If the pull is gradually made, all sorts of unnatural movements are caused in the heather or grass and the bird scared away at the supreme moment.

I have with very rare exceptions found no difficulty in obtaining written permission to photograph, this being a very necessary preliminary. When working a moor, I send the keeper or shepherd a few stamped addressed postcards to use when he finds the nest I require. On hearing to that effect, I send him a postal order for two shillings and sixpence and a hank of white tape, asking him to lay a trail and inform me where it starts. The trail consists of a series of three-foot wands stuck in the ground at intervals of one hundred yards or more; each bearing a piece of fluttering tape, the position of the nest being indicated by the last two, which are ten feet apart, the nest being ten feet beyond the last wand. Often when you meet the shepherd or keeper he has no time just then to guide you to the nest. If sheep only are about, the tent may be left up day and night; but if horses and cattle prevail, the only chance consists in being able to cover the tent with furze. I have painful recollections of going to a farm for dinner after an unsuccessful morning with snipe, and on our return an hour later finding a committee of calves sitting on the tent, while the epicure of the party was trying to swallow the bellows of the camera, the clutch of beautifully blotched

I hope these hints may be of use to those tempted to take up this fascinating sport but who have hitherto been deterred by its difficulties. I hope their disjointed character may be attributed to the Editor's natural jealousy for space. As far as



FROM THE TENT—AT VERY CLOSE QUARTERS.

possible I have avoided my old teacher's example when he had two octaves of his piano removed in order to make it fit the recess in his drawing-room. Where the sport in bird photography comes in is that not only have you many more pitfalls to avoid than in ordinary photography, as far as technique is concerned, but that each tribe of your feathered sitters is likely to present you with fresh problems to be solved. The use of a good hiding-tent is invaluable to those who in their youth loved fairies; to them I commend its use for the watching of wild birds. Excelling us in many things, the wonders of migration for one, while falling far behind us in those more prosaic qualities that lead to worldly success, it is extremely interesting to lie hidden and watch them at their daily work and play, whether it be a flock of shelduck in a meadow greeting fresh arrivals with stately bows or the loving anxiety of a hooded crow for her young and the diabolical cunning of her eye as she surveys the rest of the world on their behalf. To all such fairy-lovers the problem of the hedge-sparrow's changeling chick should appeal, for although the cuckoo has been proverbial through the centuries, there still remains much to be explained. Whether the bird-lover uses the tent for photographic or watching purposes, I am sure he will be amply

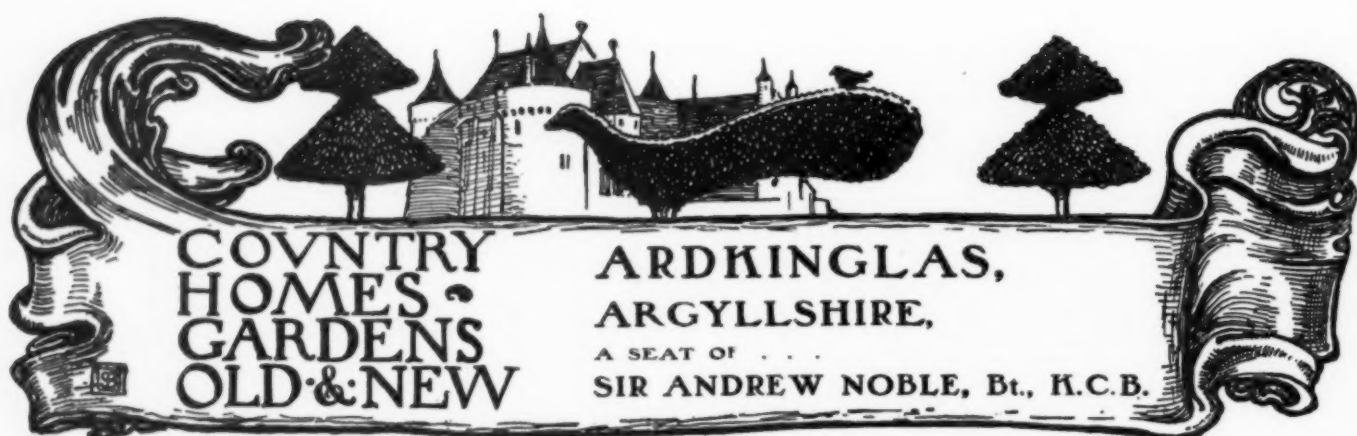
repaid the first time he sees such a wary bird as the curlew stealing softly past the tent within a yard or so of his eyes, for he who sits within may truly claim to have the receipt of fern seed.

FRANCIS HEATHERLEY.



A DOMESTIC SECRET REVEALED

eggs having only served to whet its appetite. It is well to have a complete list of all the apparatus and to call the roll before starting, otherwise the day comes when something essential gets left behind.



THE English architectural critic, on crossing the Tweed, travels into what is almost a foreign land. The different character of the domestic buildings makes him realise very sensitively how great is the influence of history on the Mistress Art. Divergence of English and Scottish type is naturally much more marked in the case of castles and houses built before the Union of the Crowns. It may be said of English building that it became for the first time genuinely domestic in character when the accession of Henry VII. put an end to the distractions caused by the Wars of the Roses. The beginning of the sixteenth century, therefore, is the turning-point for England, when the military character of its buildings ceased except as a decorative survival, and this great change was crystallised by the advent of the Renaissance a few years later under Henry VIII. In Scotland the significant date is rather later, because the civil clash of arms continued until late in the sixteenth century.

Scottish antiquaries, with a laudable desire to divide the history of their architecture into three tidily-contrived mediæval periods, ended them with 1542, the date of the death of James V. of Scotland. Mary Queen of Scots, with her son James the

Sixth of Scotland and First of England and their immediate predecessors, lived in such a welter of trouble and intrigue, involving the whole of the country in tumult and bloodshed, that the last half of the sixteenth century was little favourable to the growth of the Scottish house. It was not until the end of that century that the Renaissance made any strong mark on Northern building, or until the domestic note overcame the habit of defence. During all this century the influence on Scottish life was overwhelmingly French. The intercourse between the two countries ran in a deep and continuous stream. It is natural enough, therefore, to find that the influences which shaped the growth of house-building were French, and that there is a far greater likeness between French and Scottish building than between English and Scottish.

So much by way of generalisation is necessary before we can approach in an intelligent way the tendencies of the Scottish architecture of to-day, in so far as it follows the historical type which is described, in not very informing fashion, as "baronial." The house of Ardkinglas, now pictured, is wholly new. Near it there have stood in turn three predecessors, and some little space must be given to them and their owners. The point



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ARDKINGLAS FROM THE WEST.

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THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

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to bear in mind is that the site is historical, and therefore that Sir Andrew Noble took a wise and natural course in desiring that his new Scottish home should express by its fabric the rich associations of the place.

Ardkinglas is in Campbell country, and became the home of a new line in 1396, when Sir Colin Campbell granted it to his son, Cailean Oig, "in all its righteous heaths and marches, or as long as woods shall grow and waters flow." The feudal condition attached was the provision, by the new family thus founded, at their own expense of two war galleys, one of eight oars and the other of six, to serve the Lord of Lochow or the King of Scotland, in times of war and tumult. The later history shows this rent was fully paid. Skipping lightly over a century or more, we come to the fourth laird, who

"with a great hosting of his lands," joined the head of the clan, Archibald Earl of Argyle, and fell on the desperate field of Flodden. As to the castle that Cailean Oig must have built, history is silent; but there is record of repairs in 1586. Sir John Sinclair's account, written in 1792, tells us of its three separate towers and stout wall, with its gatehouse, flanking turrets and defending tower; but even then its ruins could scarcely be traced, for the castle itself had been destroyed in 1769.

The mansion that followed it was burnt down in 1831, and the meagre dwelling which the new house has replaced is no more than a converted stable, soon to be destroyed. Even by 1822 the mansion of 1769 was half derelict, as Dorothy Wordsworth noted when she wandered through the estate and



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THE LOCH FROM THE VERANDAH.

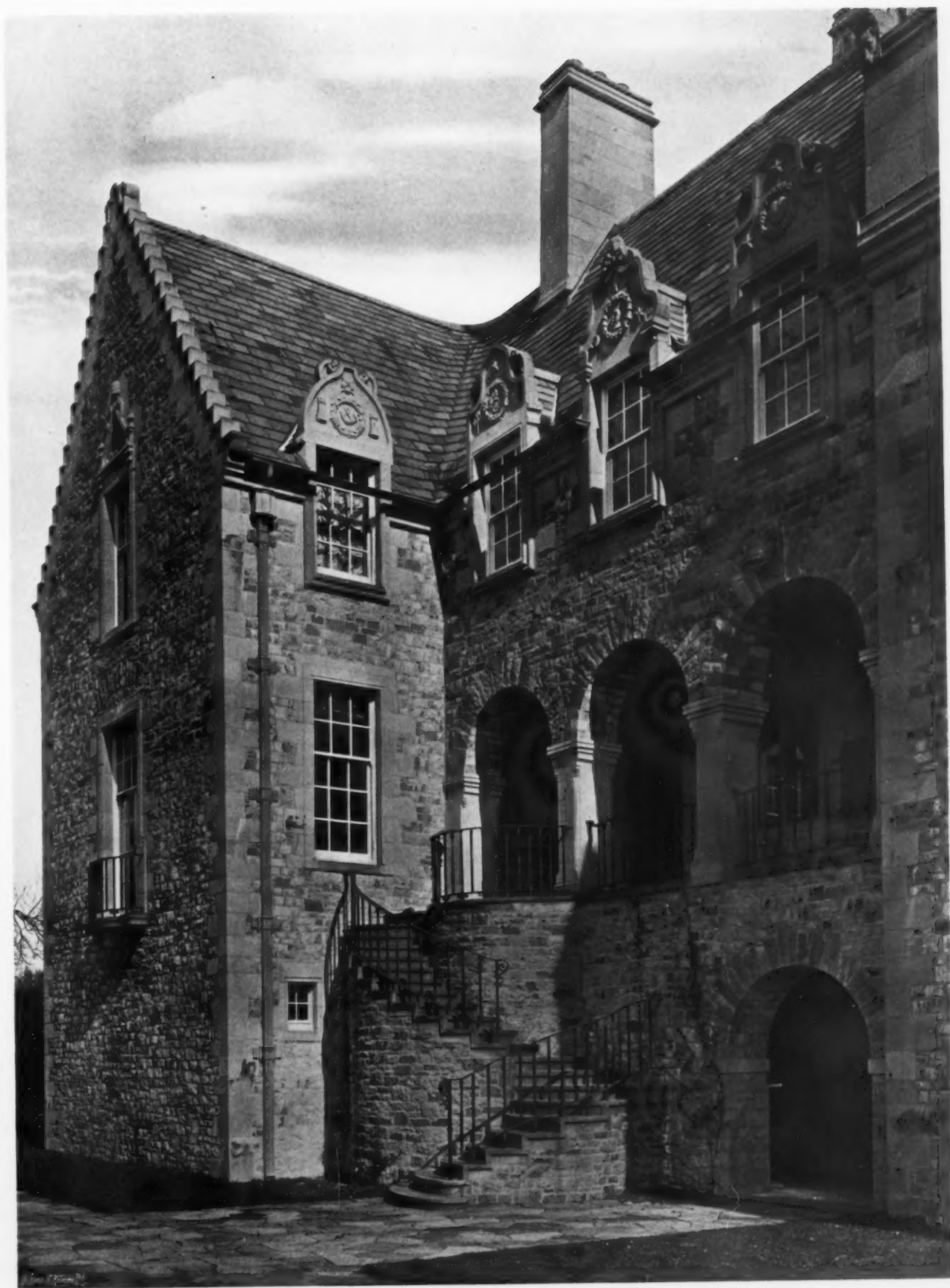
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HOUSE AND POOL FROM THE NORTH.

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FROM LOGGIA TO GARDEN.

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THE NORTH-WEST SIDE

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admired the woods, which survive in undiminished beauty to this day. But we must return to the story of the lairds. They entered on a stormy business in 1536, when they farmed for James V. "the assize headings of the western seas" a tax which ran from Pentland Firth to the Mull of Galloway. The burgesses of Dumbarton, the Dukes of Lennox and the Colquhouns of

that ilk took a gloomy view of their demand notes tipped with steel, and these Campbells doubtless were often glad of the help of the greater Argyles, with whom they kept in intimate touch. When there were minors in either household, the elders of the other branch served their younger kin as guardians. The seventh laird, we read, was a man of wrath. The laird of Calder



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

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was joint guardian with him of an Earl of Argyle, an inconvenience which Campbell solved by murdering him. To a taste for blood he added a gift for magic, and there is a flavour of Macbeth in his summoning of the witches of Lorne and one Patrick Macqueen, a warlock minister, to aid him in winning

by some pursuit of the Camerons with fire and sword, but his death made way for his son in 1640. This Sir James was luckier than forty other Campbells who lay dead in Inverlochie, for he escaped, but in 1654 and 1661 was haled before the Privy Council for his bickerings with the Lamond clan, of which no few of them



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THE GARDEN STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the affection of Argyle, who certainly had reason to mistrust his kinsman.

Tried three times for these engaging doings, he escaped conviction, but missed the dry death only to be drowned. His galley capsized on the way home from a jaunt made agreeable by the sacking of an island. His son, the eighth laird, was saved from the same fate, and the reigning Argyle took on the task of guardian. His manhood was sweetened

perished. Now we come to an enchanting bit of pantomimic vengeance. In 1662 the Lyon King-at-Arms, with his heralds in their tabards, passed with trumpeters to the market cross at Edinburgh, and there affixed backwards the arms blazoned on paper of the traitor Ardkinglas, and did rend them asunder to the sound of trumpets. Three years later, however, the ninth Argyle secured the restoration of the tenth laird, who became a baronet. The honours of Parliament were varied by



PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR.

figths with the Athols and terms of imprisonment; but the ungrateful thing about him was his strong distaste for witches and warlocks, whom he pursued relentlessly in the early years of the eighteenth century. Ungrateful, when one remembers the traffic of his great-grandfather both with witch and warlock. For centuries there had been trouble between Ardkinglas and the Macnaughtons of Dunderave across the loch, mostly put

to the arbitrament of fire and sword, but closed at last on a sound commercial basis by the eleventh laird, Sir James, who foreclosed a mortgage and entered into possession of the Macnaughton lands. With him the male line failed, and here, again, there is the hint of the uncanny, for his two sons died young after a spey wife had laid a curse on him and his. And so



PLAN OF FIRST (AND PRINCIPAL) FLOOR.

through various Campbell hands the estate came down until Sir Andrew Noble, himself connected with the Ardkinglas stock, acquired it in 1905 and set his hand to build anew where Caileen Oig had settled.

So much for the history of the land and its people. We come now to consider how Mr. R. S. Lorimer of Edinburgh has met the problems involved in building the house in such a country. It is clear that his architectural idea as expressed in stone is founded on the Scottish houses built in the third quarter of the sixteenth century, of which several typical examples still exist. One of the most perfect is Kellie Castle, Fife, which Mr. Lorimer has had unique opportunities of studying, as it was restored some thirty years ago as a summer residence by his father,



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IN THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the late Professor Lorimer of Edinburgh. Scottish buildings of before this date are markedly unsuitable as a source of inspiration. The windows were too small and the walls too thick. When Kellie Castle was built, however, the need for defence was dying out, but a certain solidity was still demanded to provide security against casual forays. The result was to adopt a disposition of rooms common not only to some of the French chateaux, but also to many an Italian palace, viz., a comparatively low and stoutly-built vaulted ground floor with small windows, with the chief living-rooms on a loftier first floor with big windows—in short, a *piano nobile*. The adoption of this general arrangement of the two lower floors is, moreover, a practical merit in a house set by the banks of a Scottish loch. The climate there is unlike that of the South of England, where one seeks naturally to step directly from the living-rooms to a sunny lawn. In the neighbourhood of a great stretch of water it is good to be lifted clear of the ground; but Mr. Lorimer has made at Ardkinglas an admirable compromise by providing an external staircase on the north-west side which leads from an ample loggia down to the garden level, and another on the south-west.

The disadvantage of this general scheme is in the tendency of the ground floor to be a little dark, but this is true of Ardkinglas only in as far as the lower hall and corridor are concerned. The men's room, sacred to smoking and billiards, and the delightful oval room, which serves as a study for Sir Andrew Noble, are amply lit by large windows. Indeed, the whole impression one takes from the house is that it is in every way entirely practical, and that the historical flavour of the building has not been won at the cost of any single feature of convenience or modern comfort. The house is approached from the south-west side, and the deer larder and the outlying parts of the servants' quarters make with the entrance front two sides of an open quadrangle. We enter through a low porch into the hall, lighted on the right from an open court. In this respect Mr. Lorimer has followed, but in a very modified form, one type of plan common in early Scottish houses, where rooms are grouped round an open courtyard. Almost opposite the foot of the stairs is the entrance to the oval study already mentioned. A practical point may here be noted. One of the spandrel-shaped spaces incidental to this type of room has been employed as a shaft running up through the house, in which are placed the heating pipes and other paraphernalia of modern comfort in a way that makes them readily accessible for repairs. An iron ladder threads this ingenious chimney, and the bottom is cemented and furnished with a drain, so that a burst pipe can cause no damage. It is more often the case that such pipes are built into the wall, with consequent danger both to fabric and decorations, when access for repairs is necessary. The big room at the west corner is for smoking and billiards, and is made the more attractive by the treatment of the smoking end as a great dais with steps down to the billiard-room proper. We go up a gravely-designed stone staircase built between the walls to the first-floor corridor, which gives entrance to a morning-room identical in plan with the study below, and a great saloon with a western bay looking over the loch. The fireplace here is notable for its lintel, a single slab of granite weighing well over five tons. In its south-west corner a secret door in the panelling brings us to a little lobby, leading to an outside winding staircase and giving access to the garden. By this corridor we also reach the ample loggia and the dining-room, while on the same floor are the principal bedrooms.

From the first floor to the second, which is devoted entirely to bedrooms, the same stone staircase is continued, finishing at the top with pillars supporting a vaulted ceiling. A very delightful feature of most of the bedrooms here is the rich but quietly modelled plaster which adorns the vaulting in that partly

conventional and partly naturalistic treatment which reached its best in England in the early sixteenth century and achieved an equal efflorescence in Scotland. The highest point of the house is the tower, with charming little rooms commanding magnificent views down Loch Fyne to Dunderave and beyond to Inverary. The planning of the house is skilfully contrived. The men servants have their quarters on the ground floor at the north corner, and the women servants on the first floor at the east corner. The kitchen arrangements provide that the scullery shall serve all kitchen purposes during the absence of the family, and the great kitchen is only used when they are at home. Outside the dining-room are two pantries and the plate safe, with a lift from the kitchen below. Mr. Lorimer has not hesitated to adopt the most modern methods of construction. The floors, for example, are of reinforced concrete, and the heavy beams of this material in the dining-room have been directly covered to excellent effect with moulded plaster-work.

We come now to the consideration of the outside of the



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THE UPPER HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

house. It is built of a local granite of a greenish hue, patched with gold, which comes from a seam at the loch-side in the mass of blue whinstone that is the major formation hereabouts—a freak of the cosmic melting-pot—while the dressed quoins are of a cool, dark cream-coloured stone that comes from Dullatur. The gaily modelled roofs are covered with slates of exquisite tone from Caithness, of browns that fade into blue and take up the colour of the walls. The building generally is of a lighter hue than the great hills beyond, but tones faithfully and naturally with the landscape. On the west front is a terraced garden with a pool, and rising from its midst is a leaden mermaid playing with a dolphin. The soft, dull grey of most of the figure finds a happy contrast in the ruddy stains on the mermaid's breast, the result of iron in the water that fills the fountain. Hopping impertinently on the balustrades may be two Cornish choughs, feathered in glossy black, and with beaks and claws of bright vermillion. They are delightful birds, fearless and inquisitive, interested to peck at boots and search one's hands for food, uttering from time to time their curious interrogative cries. Bird-life, indeed, is vigorous at

Ardkinglas, and a crowd of cormorants is generally sweeping slowly over the loch. From the north-east corner of the house we come down a broad flight of steps to the big pool, lively with Japanese ducks, who look as if they had swum with their curious staccato movements out of an Eastern colour print.

It is not, perhaps, realised how serious an enterprise is building in these remote Highlands. Before anything could be done, a pier had to be built into the loch, for every scrap of material came from afar except the actual stone for the walls, and the organisation of the work can only be satisfactorily encompassed by an architect of special experience in Highland conditions. It is worth noting that, despite the handicap of place and weather conditions, the house, with all its dependent buildings and equipments, took no longer than twenty-one months to complete for occupation. How admirable are the results the pictures sufficiently

show. It is not an unfair criticism to suggest that perhaps the elevations are a little restless, that there are more features in crow-step gables, turrets, dormers and over-sailing parapets than are familiar to the English eye. In such cases, however, it must be remembered that elaboration of elevations is in some sort the natural outcome of elaborate planning, which is, in its turn, the result of complex modern life. Particularly admirable is the quality of height, which is seen most markedly in the pictures of the north-west front. The great gabled projections here, with their few large windows, give an effect altogether delightful. In fine, Mr. Lorimer has shown that the most characteristic period of Scottish architecture can inspire a modern building so that it stands confessed a work of inspiration and not of imitation, and takes its place rightly in the long story of Scottish architecture amid natural surroundings of so magical a beauty that any discordant note in design would have had an effect doubly disastrous. L. W.

TO MY RACQUET.

Friend of a hundred victories, partaker
Of many a (still unexplained) defeat,
String of my choice, and glory of your maker,
Another summer calls you from retreat ;
Let me remove your canvas dress,
Relax the sternness of your press,
And with a grateful rhyme or two your reappearance greet.

Taut as a bell (whatever that means), troubled
By not a nerve, you once again prepare
To play with partners picture-hatted, hobbled
Or haremmed, as the season may declare ;
(Full well you know the balls they miss
Do not depend on things like this,
And that it always rests with you their errors to repair.)

When some beginner to my side advances,
And serves a wild quartette of double faults,
You are not goaded, like myself, to glances
Chill as the air of immemorial vaults ;
You call upon my brain and joints
To help you to convert to points
Alike her futile rushes and her suicidal halts.

How loyally, when into our dominion
Drops some deceptive lob or tricky screw,
You back me up in my distinct opinion
That missing it was never due to you—
Nor, of course, me—but to the sun,
The ground, the ball, or anyone
Who ventures to dispute our very reasonable view.

Faithful and tried companion, salutation !
No longer be your services unsung ;
Balls vanish, partners wed, but you are station-
Ary upon the nail where you were hung.
Now for your well-remembered hum,
As low and swift the white balls come . . .
Hullo ?—No !—Yes, it is ! Of all the rotten rubbish !—*Sprung !*
V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

PRICES AT THE LATE COL. TIPPING'S SALE.

COLLECTING old English plate is not only a pleasure to those who indulge in it, but if they possess a knowledge of the subject and bring intelligence to bear on the purchase of specimens, it is also a source of profit. Being one of the few pleasures which are profitable, its votaries are constantly increasing in number, and with the increase in the number of collectors the prices of desirable examples of plate increase as well. After the sale of the Dunn-Gardner Collection in 1902, it was said pretty generally that prices at that sale were inordinately increased, that the increase would prove to be merely temporary, and would be followed by a depression. But there has been no depression ; prices have not only been maintained, but increased. They are now higher than they have ever been before, and are

still on the increase. If any proof were needed of the fact that the prices of old English wrought silver are still in the ascendant, it is afforded by the two-day sale at Christie's of Colonel Tipping's Collection, a sale at which the prices realised by some of the examples have filled both collectors and dealers with astonishment. The most remarkable increase in price occurred with reference to a circular bread-basket of pierced silver bearing the London hall-marks of 1641, measuring 10½ in. in diameter by 3½ in. high, and weighing 29½ oz. This example is fully described and illustrated in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE of the 6th inst. In May, 1906, this basket was sold by Mr. S. J. Phillips of New Bond Street for £500. At the sale on Monday of last week, after an interval of barely five years, it realised no less than £1,395 18s., being knocked down at the rate of 940s.



ELIZABETHAN TIGER WARE JUG

9 $\frac{1}{4}$ " high; 1574; Maker's Mark, Stag's Head.
Sold at Messrs. Christie's, May 15th. £700.

ENGLISH SILVER

From the Collection
of the late
COL. W. F. TIPPING.

MnoU

per ounce. It was bought at this price by the Messrs. Crichton, who since the sale have disposed of it at a profit. This is not such an astonishing increase in price as was experienced at the Dixon sale in March last, when the Blacksmiths' cup realised £4,100, which was more than seven times the £535 that it was sold for at the Millbank sale in 1890. Between 1890 and 1911 there has been a great increase in the number of collectors of old English plate, and the Blacksmiths' cup had been largely advertised, so that, notwithstanding its lack of beauty, the high price it realised was not such a surprise as the fact that within the last five years the value of Colonel Tipping's bread-basket should have been nearly doubled. A very extraordinary increase occurred in the price of Lot 79, a Charles II. toilet service, embossed with classical figures and amorini, amid landscapes and flowing conventional foliage in the style of the Caroline period. This service consisted of a mirror 21in. high, an oblong casket 10½in. long, a pair of circular boxes 5½in. in diameter, another pair 3½in. in diameter, and a pair of rectangular bottles 6in. high. In 1904 this lot was sold at Christie's for £433 15s. to Messrs. Spink, who held it for three years, and then sold it at a small profit to Colonel Tipping. At the sale of his collection last week it was bought by Mr. S. J. Phillips for £928. Of course, it is not every example of old English-wrought silver that is constantly increasing in value as judged by sale prices. A lull occasionally happens. There is less than the usual competition, and excellent examples fail to realise the prices expected. An illustration of this was afforded in the Tipping sale, when the silver-mounted stoneware jug, the subject of the accompanying illustration, was disposed of. This example, which was also described by Mr. Percy Macquoid in COUNTRY LIFE of the 6th inst., was the well-known example that formerly belonged to Mrs. Macquoid, and had been exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club as well as at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It was generally expected that this exceptionally fine jug would realise as much as the West Malling jug, which eight years ago brought no less than £1,450 to its owners; but to the surprise of nearly everyone present at the Tipping sale, the jug, here illustrated, was knocked down to Messrs. Crichton for £700. On the other hand, the spoons comprised in this collection were in no way remarkable for their antiquity, nor, with one exception, for their condition, the earliest being a much-worn Apostle spoon of the year 1557, and the best preserved being an Elizabethan example of the last quarter of the sixteenth century; and yet the former fetched £62 and the latter £60. The beakers and porringers realised good prices. Lot 20, a small Commonwealth beaker engraved with foliage and strapwork and weighing 5½oz., was bought by Messrs. Garrard for £115, and Lot 57, an Elizabethan beaker of the year 1576, realised no less than £53 per ounce, at which price it was bought by Messrs. Crichton. The flagons and tankards, owing, no doubt, to the large number of these vessels which have recently been brought into the market, showed no increase in the prices which have ruled for some time past. Other examples, however, realised much larger prices. A small Jacobean spice-box bearing the London hall-marks of the year 1619, the body having quite plain sides, resting on

an egg-and-tongue base-plate, supported by four feet formed as cockle shells, the cover embossed as an escallop shell with an egg-and-tongue border round the edge, measuring only 4½in. long and 2½in. high, fetched 600s. an ounce. A porringer of the reign of William and Mary (Lot 66) brought 325s. an ounce, and a small tankard (Lot 65) of the Commonwealth period proved an exception to the general run of prices realised by the rest of the tankards in bringing in the exceptional price of 440s. per ounce. It had cost Colonel Tipping 130s. an ounce twelve years ago. There were a lot of other interesting examples sold, including a set of three Charles II. casters, which have also already been illustrated and described in COUNTRY LIFE. For these three small casters no less than £350 was paid.

It is sometimes said that in collecting old English plate, purchasers pay big prices for the hall-marks which they bear. An incident which qualifies, if not contradicts, this statement occurred at this sale with reference to Lots 27 and 28—two small cream-jugs of about the year 1740, and bearing no mark whatever. One was chased with bands of imbricated work and vine leaves, having a handle terminating in a mask with a serpent entwined below, and yet it fetched at the sale no less than 115s. per ounce. Another cream-jug, formed as a large shell, ornamented with bands of smaller shells and seaweed, and having a handle formed as a serpent, realised no less than 150s. per ounce. Collectors of plate whose means do not enable them to compete in the acquisition of these costly pieces need not despair about being able to form an interesting collection if they are satisfied with good work of more recent date, such, for instance, as that of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, much of which is still in the market, and may be had at small prices—very small by comparison with the prices which are here mentioned. Among the inexpensive articles referred to there are cups of classical form, sauce-boats and tureens, small pierced sweetmeat-baskets, cream-jugs, tea-caddies and caddy spoons, which may be purchased and arranged in such a way as to form a very interesting collection. Then, again, there is a large field in foreign plate, the prices of which do not come in many cases to as many half-crowns as English examples of the same date would cost in pounds. An illustration in point occurs in Lot 164 in this sale. A silver-gilt standing cup and cover, the bowl embossed with a lion, horse and bear in landscapes, and within strapwork borders on a matted ground enriched with flowers and fruit, having a cover surmounted with a small figure, this being an example of Nuremberg work of about the year 1600 and bearing the mark of Eberwein Kossman, was sold to Messrs. Heigham and Co. for £120. Had it been English work of the same period, it would probably have realised somewhere near £1,000. Yet Colonel Tipping only gave Messrs. Pairpoint £45 for it a few years ago. This interesting sale was concluded with the disposal of a nice little collection of miniatures and snuff-boxes, one of the most interesting of the miniatures being a French portrait of a gentleman painted *en camaieu* in grisaille on a black ground, in openwork frame set with rose diamonds, which was sold for thirty-five guineas. C. J. JACKSON.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MUCH literature has owed its birth to the Holy Land, but we know of no book similar in character to *Palestine and Its Transformation* (Constable). The writer is Mr. Ellsworth Huntington, Assistant Professor of Geography in Yale University. It is easy to differentiate him from previous authors who have given us books about Palestine. Many of them are extremely devout and theological in character. The writers have gone to the East for the very legitimate purpose of identifying the scenes made familiar to them by the Bible. They have meditated at Nazareth and Bethany; they have looked on the Sea of Galilee and the Lake of Capernaum, and been led thereby into much meditation of a kind that belongs too often to the region of the extremely obvious. Others, again, such as Mr. Hitchings, have been inspired chiefly by a desire to draw vivid contrasts between the Holy Land as it must have been in the time of the Patriarchs and as it is to-day, when there is a squalid co-mingling of both times and nations. The latest invention is seen side by side with the absolutely primitive, and slums of destitute aliens have been established on many a site that for generations was regarded as holy. The present writer had a clearer and more definite purpose in view. He says:

We went to the East with the firm purpose of steering a coolly scientific middle course between the gushing enthusiasm and the cynical disappointment into which writers on Palestine are prone to fall.

The problem that he set himself to solve is one of almost equal interest to the man of science and the Christian. But we ought to say that it is treated, as far as belief goes, in a strictly neutral frame of mind. The American geographer is never irreverent and, at the same time, never religious, though it would be very unfair to say that he is not religious. That is not the question he is discussing. What he wants to solve is the oft-discussed problem as to the extent in which climate is changing. That it is changing is a statement impossible of denial. The planet on which we live is continually radiating its heat into space and growing cooler, so that, theoretically, the climate is gradually becoming less and less ardent. This is all the more true because it applies to the sun as much as it does to the earth. It, too, is radiating its heat into space, and therefore losing the generous warmth which is so large a part of the sustenance of mankind. But this assertion when examined more closely does not come to much. It might be equally true if the average temperature were losing half a degree in two thousand years, which, of course, would mean a change imperceptible to any sense we possess, immeasurable by any instrument. The assertion to be combated is not this, but the statement frequently iterated that climate as a whole is undergoing noteworthy changes under our very eyes, as it were. For example, the assertion is made of this country many times that the English climate is not what it was in the days when many men, now not very aged, were young. The assertion generally takes the form that

French might also learn to be a little less rapacious to women and the English to be a little more honest. Indeed, their merits and defects make a balance.

The English.

hypocrites
good, stout reliable friends
dishonest to the root
fairly decent to women

The French.

free from hypocrisy
incapable of friendship
fairly honest
rather indecent to women."

On the whole, we are glad that the editor of this book makes no claim to having brought forth anything that will cast a new light on Stevenson, for we most cordially detest the new light that is cast on an author by his private letters. All the light required is to be found in the works of an author. The essential point about a letter is that it should either be instructive or entertaining, preferably the latter; and Stevenson never fails to amuse, whether he be in a strict vein of humour or in one of seriousness inclining to melancholy. He is much more natural in his letters than he was in his books.

MRS. EARLE'S REMINISCENCES.

Memoirs and Memories, by Mrs. C. W. Earle. (Smith, Elder.)

THIS book of Mrs. Earle's reminds us somehow of an old-fashioned garden with many pleasant shady nooks and pleached alleys and restful seats; still, except for the gentle ruffle of water, and fragrant, but not highly coloured. Her life has not been exciting, but it has been beautiful in an old-fashioned English way, and it is characteristic of her that, in compiling it, she has been more interested in the past than in the present. That is fortunate for the reader, because in telling the story of her father and mother she, without effort, recalls to us the England in which they lived; and although the book treats of a private family only, the affairs of that family are to a considerable extent interwoven with those of the nation, so that the book has no lack of importance in its way. Mrs. Earle came of very good blood on both sides. Her father, Edward Ernest Villiers, was the son of the Hon. George Villiers, third son of the Hon. Thomas Villiers, who was the son of an Earl of Jersey, and was created Baron Hyde of Hindon in 1756 and Earl of Clarendon in 1776. Her mother was Lady Charlotte Capell, heiress of the Hydes and last descendant of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor in the time of the Stuarts. It is an excellent lineage. The book is largely made up of letters, to which Mrs. Earle stands

as commentator and interpreter. Occasionally they afford us a vivid glimpse of the people and manners of that interesting period when Queen Victoria was a girl. Of travelling in 1832 her mother gives the following account: "The posting was sixteen-pence per mile all the way, and I paid the boys as near as possible eightpence per mile. I had not a single expostulation on the road, but then perhaps a lady and children look poorer than with a smart aristocratic-looking gentleman like my dear spouse. The sleeping, etc., is what comes so heavy. Grantham came two shillings more even than York, which I thought so dear, but then I was lodged *en Princesse* at Grantham, people so civil, such a handsome nice inn, and nothing could be more grubby than York, but I know it is famous for being infamous." In a letter dated 1839 we get a reference to the strong lines that Queen Victoria took with Wellington and Peel just after she had come to the throne. There is much about the doctors of the time who blistered and bled and generally tortured their patients to death. Much is pointed out by the treatment of her own father. A long letter is printed from a private in the 61st Regiment. It begins: "This is to pay for the sleeping pill that put Evans in an eternal sleep," and in good set phrases tells the tale of medicine as it was then. Naturally in such a story as Mrs. Earle has to write some of the great events in English history cast their shadow over the pages. There were few families, for instance, of her standing in the time of the Crimea who had not a relative's life at stake, and the Earles were no exception. Some of their friends seem to have been at the points of danger whenever there were disturbances in the Empire. Otherwise the book is one of unruffled pleasure, and we say this in perfect consciousness of the deaths and illnesses and calamities that are recorded. They are only such as are incident to the lives of families, which wax and wane even as do those of individuals.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

My Life, by Richard Wagner. (Constable.)

A Charming Humbug, by Imogen Clark. (Methuen.)

The Marriage of Quixote, by Donald Armstrong. (Martin Secker.)

Oliver's Kind Women, by Philip Gibbs. (Herbert and Daniel.)

The Castles and Walled Towns of England, by Alfred Harvey. (Methuen.)

My Journey from Rhodesia to Egypt, by Theo Kassner. (Hutchinson.)

[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 16*.]

RACING NOTES.

BATH: THE SOMERSETSHIRE STAKES.

IN former years the Somersetshire Stakes was a race of no small importance, for it served more than once to "set" the Derby betting and to solve some knotty problem in connection with the great classic race on Epsom Downs. There is this year just a possibility that it may have once more served to point to the winner of a classic race, for if the recorded time—1 min. 36 sec.—taken by Tootles in winning the mile and a-half on Wednesday last be correct, Captain Forester's filly has but to repeat the performance on Friday next in order to win the Oaks. Be that as it may, the filly is well-bred enough for anything, being by John o' Gaunt out of Lady Drake, by Gallinule out of Two of Diamonds, by Deuce of Clubs out of Venture, by Bruce.

DONCASTER: THE FITZWILLIAM STAKES.

For many a year to come Yorkshire folk will recall with feelings of peculiar satisfaction that it was on the famous old Doncaster Town Moor that His Majesty King George V.'s racing colours were first carried to victory, and the thundering cheers that greeted Herbert Jones and Pintadeau, a colt by Florizel II. out of Guinea Hen, when it was seen that they had won the Fitzwilliam Stakes

for the King, might well have been heard "a league from the course and more." The colt had run very green on his first outing in the Norfolk Two Year Old Plate at Newmarket; but for any failings there displayed he has now made ample amends, and whatever his future career may be, he will be remembered in Turf history as being the first winner owned by King George V.

THE DERBY.

Although between the time of writing and the decision of the race for the Derby Stakes more than a week must elapse, a period in which more than one now obscure problem connected with the great race will probably be made clear, it is almost a matter of necessity to now forecast as best we can the verdict that the judge will give when the race is lost and won on Wednesday next. Often money has been lost in the vain attempt to find a horse capable of defeating one that has proved himself to be a race-horse of good class, and it may well be that a similar fate will befall us if we persistently refuse to recognise the claims of Sunstar to rank as the probable winner of the Derby. I admit myself to be somewhat prejudiced against Mr. J. B. Joel's colt; but for what precise reason I do not know, the only one that I can put forward being that, easily



W. A. Rouch.

PINTADEAU.

Winner of the Fitzwilliam Stakes for the King.

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as he won the Newmarket Stakes, somehow or other he gave me the impression of having galloped quite as far as was good for him. Prejudice apart, I must frankly confess that unless Pietri happens to be in a mood for racing—and even then—there does not appear to be any valid reason why the colt should not win the Derby. It may be that he will fail to stay—such a possibility is lurking in my mind, but it would be rash to assume that he cannot do so; and granted his ability to get the Epsom mile and a-half, what is to beat him? In order to reverse the Two Thousand Guineas' running Stedfast would, I think, have had to improve at least 8lb., and there is, moreover, no reason to suppose that Sunstar has been standing still meantime. King William, "if," as he is said to be, appreciably better than Stedfast, might bring about the downfall of Sunstar "if" thoroughly fit and well. But here are two big "ifs" to deal with, and granted that the first of them might be eliminated, the second remains, for the enforced loss of a week's work at a very critical period of his training must tell heavily against the prospects of so big a colt; and although Mr. George Lambton is leaving no stone unturned in his efforts to send the colt out fit to run for his life, he would, I feel sure, be very glad of an extension of time, the more so that in Sunstar he will be meeting an opponent trained to the very hour. Such as Cyllius and Phryxus do not on their running represent anything like classic form; but the latter seems to have a distinctly upward tendency in the betting, and may perhaps have come well out of a home gallop. Cellini was expected to have run much better than he did in the Two Thousand Guineas, but he has a very wide gulf to bridge over before getting on terms with Sunstar, a remark that applies to Beaurepaire. I do not know whether Lycan will accompany Sunstar to the post, but he seemed to be running on at the finish of the Two Thousand Guineas, and might perhaps be able to come to the rescue should any mishap befall the crack. Among what may be called the outside division, Eton Boy, a consistent performer, but, judged by his public running, anything from 14lb. to 20lb. behind the best form of the year, has a certain following; but if looking for the winner of the Derby among horses of that class, I should be more inclined to trust to Captain Forester's Royal Tender, by Persimmon out of Tender and True, by Veracity. The American horses do not seem to threaten danger, for, judging by their running in the Two Thousand Guineas, both Iron Mask II. and Runnymede seem more

likely to distinguish themselves as sprinters than as stayers, and Adam Bede is reported to have been found wanting in a gallop with The Valet and Dalmatian. To the French colts, Lord Burgoyne and Shetland, there is no need to refer, for a telegram just received informs me that they have both been struck out of the race; but it would be interesting to know by whom one of them—Shetland—had already been backed to win a very large sum of money in the event of his proving successful at Epsom. We now come to the point where the ways must part and a final decision must be taken. It is but a week or two since a well-known trainer remarked in chatting over the Derby, "You might pick out half-a-dozen and then miss the winner," and, to be honest, that is the notion now present in my own mind. Still, there is no getting away from the fact that in the Two Thousand Guineas Sunstar simply confirmed his form of last year as compared with the animals beaten by him in that race, with the exception of Pietri. Nor—prejudice apart, but it exists—can I put forward any sound reason for believing that he will not again assert his superiority at Epsom; and while looking upon Pietri as an animal that may upset all calculations, it seems difficult to avoid coming to the conclusion that Sunstar, Stedfast (if the better of Lord Derby's pair) and Cellini represent the pick of the English colts that will take part in the Coronation Derby, to which it may be added that for a good outsider Royal Tender may do duty.

THE OAKS.

In our next issue I shall be able, I hope, to deal to better advantage with this race. Meantime it may be well to recall the short head by which Brilliancy succumbed to Atmah in the One Thousand Guineas, at a time, too, when Mr. J. B. Joel's filly was labouring under the disadvantage of having been eased up in her work for some little time. Within the last few days Atmah appears to have been well beaten in a gallop with Bronzino, Bonny Boy, Bryony and Sir Knight, having, indeed, according to the report of the trial, been tailed off. Mr. J. B. Joel's filly would, therefore, seem to have a good chance of reversing the One Thousand Guineas' running with Atmah. But, as pointed out in the earlier portion of these notes, if Captain Forester's filly, Tootles, can, as she is said to have done at Bath, gallop a mile and a-half in 1 min. 36 sec., her opponents in the Oaks will find it very difficult to keep on terms with her; nor perhaps should Sir E. Cochran's smart filly, Nicola, be lost sight of.

TRENTON.

THE COSTERMONGER'S DONKEY.

ON Monday the East End and the West End met on very friendly terms. The occasion was the Annual Exhibition of Costermongers' Donkeys, which was opened by the Duchess of Hamilton, accompanied by the Duke of Hamilton and many leaders of fashion. After the judging had taken place, the prizes were

presented by the Princess Christian. Fashion could not be more worthily employed. The costermonger and his "moke" have alternately excited the laughter and the compassion of the public for a great number of years, although modern attention was directed to them chiefly by Mr. Albert Chevalier in days when that inimitable performer had not developed so much



SOME OF THE COMPETITORS.

sentiment and so severe a view of art. He was much more artistic when he sang of "Enery 'Awkins" in the first fine careless rapture of his prime. But Mr. Chevalier built more wisely than he knew. Many who began by singing "Knock'd 'em in the Old Kent Road," or, what was better, listening to Chevalier, came to take a very genuine interest in the costermonger and his ass. Aforetime, Mr. Henry Hawkins was occasionally suspected of being slightly unkind to the dumb companion who served him so well. We say "dumb companion," but this will be understood to be only a figure of speech. The animals at the show produced a ceaseless braying that showed them to be anything but dumb. In fact, in many people this prejudice went so deep that if they had a favourite donkey they would rather give him an old age pension and a paddock to live in than, by selling, take the peril of letting him fall into the hands of the costermonger. And it would be absurd flattery of that individual to say that there are not members of his class who still ill-treat their donkeys. But the present moment is a very wrong one on which to insist upon the evil-doings of the black sheep that are in every flock.

It is much pleasanter and equally useful to dwell on the evidence afforded by the exhibition that there are many costermongers who are as kind to their donkeys as any lady could be to her favourite pony. It was not the condition of the animals only that told of this. Indeed, there were few of them which did not bear signs of having to work tolerably hard for a livelihood. But they did not bear those marks of cruelty which were seen frequently enough fifteen or twenty years ago. At that period it was much commoner for the street vendor to be brought to the police-court for ill-treating his ass than it is now. Recently, in fact, the cases of this kind have been few and far between, which would seem to show that there has come to be a better understanding between man and beast. What struck the observer more than any show-condition in the animals was their confident friendly demeanour. Many looked as if they had been made pets of by the man and his family. Indeed, the children, who were present in considerable numbers, and in dresses that were often remarkable and picturesque, showed that they were on very familiar terms with the owners of the long brown heads that were stretched to them over the partition. It is very obvious that those who have organised the show are deserving of great credit for the introduction of a humanising influence into the midst of these very poor people. The example set by those who tried to win prizes is copied by many others on whom it had not previously dawned that kindness to animals is one of those virtues which brings its own reward in the shape of dumb friendliness and devotion. Perhaps we might go further and say that all those pets which are to be found in the East End are civilising in tendency. The costermonger, for instance, does not teach a chaffinch to sing in a competition without exercising the gifts of patience and gentleness. It says much for him that he is fond of those amusements which call forth the gentler attributes of his mind. Like the pitman who trains pigeons to fly, he develops what is often an uncouth but always a genuine tenderness for the little creature whose

performance he backs with his hard-earned money. We do not know that among the asses in the East End there is as yet much competition; but it is a good thing for their owners to come occasionally into contact with the cultivated few who have taken up their cause. It is not good in any country that the barriers between rich and poor should be too rigid, and in these times it is impossible that they should continue so. But that the people of the East End should come to know those of the West End in circumstances such as those that prevailed on Monday last is a very favourable introduction.



WINNER OF THE CHALLENGE CUP.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

SHOWYARD GOSSIP.—OXFORDSHIRE SHOW AND SMALL HOLDINGS.

THE Oxfordshire Show may be regarded as the preliminary skirmish in the annual fight for agricultural honours, the culminating battle being the Royal Agricultural Society of England Meeting. This being the case, many of the principal exhibitors of livestock visited Thame this year either as combatants or to view the fight. Overnight at Oxford one met many prominent agriculturists, and it is always interesting chatting with such men and hearing their views on questions that affect the farming industry. The unanimous opinion of well-informed farmers, whatever may be their politics, seems to be that small holders can live on land that is fertile and close to towns and railway stations. The large practical farmer, however, says that many of the new small holders are doomed to failure, some because they have no knowledge of farming, others

because the nature of the soil or the situation of their farms are unsuitable for the venture. It is feared that the new Commissioners will be too anxious to acquire land and to recommend applicants for small holdings, and that they will not proceed with as much caution as the County Councils have displayed. It should be remembered that members of the latter bodies have the advantage of local knowledge of land and of the applicants for it to aid them in their decisions. The farmers' argument that the compulsory powers for the purchase of land ought only to be put in force when there is a change of occupiers seems to me to be very fair. The chief gossip overnight and on the show-ground was, of course, about the exhibits at Thame.

The Duke of Portland's four-year old shorthorn bull by Village Beau was said to be "a wonder." He proved to be champion of the breed, and struck me as being a very good representative, but rather on the small side. Mr. D. MacLennan's yearling bull, Beaufort Landmaker, was easily first in his class. Sherborne Fairy, female champion at last year's Royal, was only second in her class to Sir Richard Cooper's beautiful heifer, Waterloo Lady 36th. The former heifer was scarcely in show form, and it was a pity she was not allowed to rest on her laurels. The yearling



LOOKING AT THE EXHIBITS.

heifer class contained some very pretty youngsters. Captain Behrens was placed first with a well-grown roan. Personally, I preferred the second, a white shown by W. and T. Garne and Sons, who were also third with a roan. Both these latter heifers were by Village Beau, whose progeny made their mark at Thame. The Earl of Coventry took both of the premier honours in the classes for Hereford bulls. There was a large exhibit of Jersey cattle, many of which were of high merit. The pedigree dairy shorthorn cows and heifers were quite a feature of the show, and deservedly attracted much attention. Sir Walpole Greenwell carried off both championships in the Shire classes with his two-year old colt, Marden Forest King, and his three-year old filly, Dunsme Chessie. The former is a colt of great size and substance, and is remarkably developed for his age; in fact, I should imagine a better youngster has not been seen for years. Southdowns made as good a show as any breed of sheep; Sir J. Colman was eminently successful. His champion ram, got by Mr. Adeane's well-known sire, Babraham Crony, was well worthy of his position. W.

THE BRITISH SUGAR BEET COUNCIL.

The body that is now treating with the Development Fund Commissioners for their co-operation in the encouragement of the beet sugar industry is in no sense a trading association. It is in reality a continuation or enlargement of the old sugar beet committee of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, which for some years has been waiting for the psychological moment to arrive for taking active steps to bring the possibilities of sugar production in this country to the notice of farmers and all others interested in the welfare

of agriculture. All last year they patiently collected information and superintended the experiments in the cultivation of the roots, and carefully analysed them when grown to test their sugar-yielding capacity. This was good spade work; but there came a time last year when little more could be done without ample funds for actual experiment, not only in growing the beet, but in making sugar on a scale large enough to demonstrate beyond cavil whether or no it would be a safe investment for capital. They themselves are perfectly convinced on this point, but they wish to make it clear to the most sceptical that a new and profitable industry is open to the British farmer. With this object in view they applied to the Development Commissioners for assistance, who, after hearing the evidence of the chairman of the Council (Mr. Courthope), are considering their reply, which it is understood will be favourable. Whatever grant is made from the fund will, of course, be used under the direct supervision of the Commissioners, and therefore the Council are now endeavouring to enlarge the membership and obtain subscriptions for working expenditure. Should any reader wish for detailed information, he should apply to the secretary of the British Sugar Beet Council, 1, Orchard Street, Westminster. This is entirely a propagandist body, among whose objects is that of protecting the agricultural public from those professional financial exploiters whose real intention may be not to make sugar, but money for promoters. When agriculturists and their friends have actually started work, such a central body as the Council will be found most useful to the industry in many ways, and will be able to watch over its interests both in and out of Parliament A. T. M.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

TWO CHAMPIONS.

HER victory at Portrush is a great achievement on Miss Campbell's part, champion of the United States, of Canada and now of Great Britain. She has but to go to a few more Colonies to take the title of lady champion golfer of the Anglo-Saxon race. There was some analogy between her win and that of Mr. Ball at the last amateur championship of the men. Both were a little "off" just before the championship itself started, and did themselves no justice in the International matches and the like preliminary canterers, both came to their game as the championship began and went better and better right up to the winning point. That is the man, or the woman, to go through a test of this kind—not so much one who has been playing well for a long while past, as one who has been temporarily "off" and is just coming back to a fine game. It is then, and then only, that a golfer can hope to go through a long-drawn-out trial such as this without staleness or slackness, improving as he goes.

THE ABSTINENCE OF MR. MAXWELL.

It is distinctly disappointing that Mr. Maxwell has announced an intention of abstaining from the Prestwick engagements, either as an International player or as a claimant of the amateur championship. He has long been known as no lover of the fierce light that beats upon a championship, though he has twice been amateur champion. Both his victories have been at Muirfield, and it may be that, even if he persists in his policy of total abstinence elsewhere, he will come out again at Muirfield when time's whirligig brings the championship there again, like Achilles from his tent. In the meantime it takes some appreciable interest out of this year's tournament to know that he will not be in the lists. He knows Prestwick well, and plays it well, and in my humble judgment we shall want a Briton playing it very well to save the championship cup from going once again across blue water, whether to our own Australian colony or to the United States. H. G. H.

HERD'S VICTORY IN THE FOURSOME TOURNAMENT.

Perfect weather, a fine course in the finest possible order and some most thrilling and dramatic finishes—all these things contributed to make the four-some tournament at Walton Heath last week a most pleasant function to watch. The draw worked out very well, and up to the very end there was no one pair that would have been universally acclaimed the favourites. Before a ball was struck I personally fancied Herd and Bradbeer, the ultimate winners, because I thought Bradbeer the best of those who might, without disrespect, be called the second strings. Afterwards I transferred my allegiance to Duncan and Grant, who were making the running very strongly, but I turned out to be wrong. Certainly Herd and Bradbeer played very excellent golf in the final and thoroughly deserved to win. Herd is always an interesting golfer, because he does not do things quite like other people. There is, for instance, a fascination about the very unorthodox way in which he appears to move his whole body backwards in the upward swing; incidentally, he certainly brings his body back to the right place at the right moment, because his driving was very straight and very long. Then he is unorthodox in the matter of his clubs, for he sticks faithfully to an old-fashioned "scared" driver, and will have nothing to say to the socket club. Finally, I was noticing one piece of interesting heterodoxy in his playing of iron shots. How often have we been told by learned men that it is hopelessly wrong to take anything like a full swing with an iron. Well, I am certain that I saw Herd commit this so-called crime several times, and that with excellent effect. Where some of his great rivals would have stood "open" and played a push or half shot, Herd addressed the ball with a square stance, practically his usual driving stance, and swung the iron in a thoroughly illegal manner round his neck. Personally, I found it a most consoling spectacle.

COLEH AND IOMANAICHE.

This head-note is not, as might be supposed, a practical joke on the part of a printer with a weak-minded sense of humour. On the contrary, it consists of two words in the best Gaelic. I cull them from an interesting article on the origin of golf by Mr. Angus Henderson—written, mercifully, in English—in a magazine called *Guth na Bliadhna*. Mr. Henderson is first and foremost a patriot. He will have nothing to say to the Dutch *kolf* nor the German *kolbe*; even the Icelandic *kolfur* does not awe him into submission, and he derives "golf" from the Gaelic *colbh*, which generally means "column," but can also, it appears, mean "any long, slender stick." He candidly admits, however, that on this

point the weight of authority is rather against him. The second word at the head of this note—I really cannot transcribe it again—means a golf club, and is to be found in the works of one Alexander MacDonald, a bard of Ardnamurchan, who sang about the *ball-goufa*. The hero of the poem, being disappointed in love, derived great consolation by playing golf with his—once more my pen refuses its office. Mr. Henderson has some things of interest to say in proof of his assertion that golf never came from Holland at all, and is a Scottish game first and last. Here considerations of space and a dread of Mr. Andrew Lang forbid me to follow him. B. D.

THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

IN writing of the Ladies' Golf Championship, decided last week at Portrush, it is inevitable that one should open with the conventional reference to the weather, because it was so glorious and so golden and so unlike the traditional weather of Ireland. The sun shone, sea and sky were of the bluest blue, and the winds, usually so riotous at Portrush, ceased from troubling. This during the whole time the ladies fought out their International matches and strove for championship honours. Such weather conduced towards the very best golf of which the ladies were capable, and the course conduced towards the same end. Shortened by a thousand yards or so, and with considerable shuffling and rearrangement of the holes, the course was an ideal one for ladies, for all except the really long hitters. The latter gained little advantage by their superior length. At the second hole, for example, the one really long hole, a distance of 550yds., length was of no special value. After two full wooden shots the long hitter was obliged to take an iron and play short of the dreaded burn and bunkers so jealously guarding the green. Not once during the championship itself did any player carry on to the second green in three. The few foolish enough to attempt it met with the due reward of their folly. The feat required three consecutive shots averaging 180yds., with the third shot all carry. It was always a pitch with the fourth, whether for the long hitter or the medium driver who was just short of the danger zone with three full shots. The other long holes, the fourth and the thirteenth, could be reached in three by everyone, the only difference being that for the third shot some players required an iron, others only a mashie. Then of the six so-called one-shot holes three required the very best hit shots of which Miss Chambers, Miss Ravenscroft or Miss Leitch were capable. That it was not a course for the long hitter seems to be confirmed by the fact that of the four semi-finalists only one might be so described. This was Miss Mather, whose low-hit, long-running, straight ball was the ideal one for Portrush.

The outstanding match of the championship was that between Miss G. Ravenscroft and Miss C. Leitch in the second round. It was nothing less than a tragedy that the draw should have brought these two brilliant young golfers together so early in the event. As one remarked at the close of their match, "What a final it would have made!" For twenty-two holes they battled, never more than two holes between them, while thirteen times the referee called the match "all square." Miss Leitch's wholesale slaughter of Mrs. Ross and Miss Campbell in the International matches, her fine 74 in the stroke competition

and resistless form in practice, when she was beating a plus 4 man at the odds of a third, pointed to her being at the top of her game, and she started favourite, although not a few pinned their faith to Miss Ravenscroft. The former began badly, losing two of the first three holes. But she retrieved her position and was square at the fifth. Thence to the eighth it was very good golf on both sides, Miss Ravenscroft, reputed an indifferent putter, being extremely accurate on the greens. Thanks to this, she won the ninth hole and turned 1 up, her score being 41 to her opponent's 42. Miss Leitch, to the horror of her well-wishers, missed her drive and her second at the tenth and became 2 down. But she was square again at the twelfth, and winning the thirteenth, led for the first time. Miss Ravenscroft, however, annexed the fourteenth, while fifteen and sixteen were halved. The seventeenth provided a sensation, Miss Leitch holing a long downhill putt for a 2. Sensational, too, was the home hole. Two grand drives were hit of well over 200 yds., but Miss Leitch's found the bunker intended for a bad second. Finely out with a niblick, she was dead with her third and would win unless Miss Ravenscroft succeeded in holing a ten-foot putt. This she did amid breathless excitement, and the match went on with a tremendous following. With two for it on the next green, Miss Leitch again seemed sure of victory. But her putting was

eighteenth, the result of faultless golf. But she was badly beaten in the next round by Miss V. Hezlet, who had been singularly favoured by the draw.

The match between Miss Campbell and Miss E. Grant-Suttie, the holder, in the fifth round excited great interest. Miss Campbell, favoured by the draw, had been gradually recovering her form at the expense of inferior players. Against Miss Grant-Suttie she made very few slips, while she had the best of the luck. The match was all square at the twelfth. Then Miss Grant-Suttie weakened and lost three holes in succession. Finally she was beaten 2 and 1. Of all the players at Portrush, none put her approach shots so near the hole as did Miss Grant-Suttie.

A beautiful display of putting was given by Miss Violet Hezlet in her match with Miss Mather in the semi-final. Outplayed in the long game, she made good the deficiency on the greens, putting with the same confidence and delicacy on the rough greens of the earlier holes as on the velvety ones of the middle holes. She never required more than two on any green, and often only one. Her victory by 2 and 1 was a striking example of the truism that matches are won on the greens. The other semi-final provided another of the gallant uphill fights so frequent during this championship. Dormy five down



THE FINAL OF THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP AT PORTRUSH.

Miss Hezlet putting on the eleventh green.

grievous. At the twentieth hole the gods gave her another chance. She was timid with her approach putt and timid again with the shortest of short putts. After a half at the twenty-first the end came. Miss Leitch made two bad shots, and Miss Ravenscroft successfully holed the short putt with which she was left for the match.

In length there was little to choose between the two players. On and near the green Miss Ravenscroft had the advantage—despite her reputation. She pitched better than Miss Leitch, who relied too much on her run-up shot. The latter seemed to dwell over her shots longer than she did, and in this respect contrasted sharply with Miss Ravenscroft, who is a delightfully quick player. Although beaten so early in the championship, Miss Leitch remains, in the opinion of many, the best lady player of the day. In range and variety of stroke, in powers of recovery and in ability to pick up the ball with a wooden club, she has no equal. It is in the short game that she sometimes fails. Tired out by her Titanic struggle with Miss Leitch, Miss Ravenscroft succumbed in the next round to Mrs. Bourn, a sturdy player of great fighting qualities, who eventually reached the semi-final.

One of the most extraordinary matches of a championship which abounded in exciting and dramatic struggles was that between Miss V. Pooley, a player from British Columbia, and Miss Bertha Thompson, an ex-champion. Six down at the tenth, Miss Thompson won the next seven holes and halved the

to Miss Campbell, Mrs. Bourn took the match to the seventeenth hole, where her putt was in and out for a 2, Miss Campbell's putt for a 3 just struggling into the hole.

There was a great crowd for the final. Local and Irish sympathy was with Miss Hezlet. For nine holes the players were dead level. Then Miss Hezlet began to make mistakes and to lose her accuracy on the greens. She lost three of the next five holes and Miss Campbell became dormy three. A dead stymie prevented Miss Hezlet winning the sixteenth hole, and she was beaten 3 and 2. Miss Campbell's success was remarkable in view of the fact that she had had only a fortnight's play since last October. EUSTACE E. WHITE.

THE TEMPLE SHOW.

THE annual spring exhibition held by the Royal Horticultural Society in the Inner Temple Gardens on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week was, as usual, of a very high standard. It is true that an exhibition held so early in the year must be to a great extent confined to flowers, but in most of the exhibits of these good progress was noticeable. During the morning of the opening day the King and Queen visited the exhibition and spent a considerable time among the flowers, taking a keen interest in many of the beautiful displays.

Sweet peas were shown better on this occasion than we ever remember seeing them at a Temple Show, notwithstanding the fact that the exhibition was nearly a week earlier than usual. The bright, warm weather of the past few weeks has brought the flowers on at a rapid pace, and some excellent blooms were to be seen in a number of exhibits. One of the most distinct new varieties was included in Dobbie's group, and was named May Campbell. The ground colour of this is rich cream, and in the centre of the erect standard there is a beautiful flaking of soft carmine.

Roses are always a feature of the Temple Show, and these were well above the usual high standard. Really good novelties, however, were scarce, Mrs. George Shawyer being the best. This is a hybrid tea rose of rich yet soft pink colouring, the long, pointed flowers and buds being borne on stiff, erect stems. In addition it has the delicious fragrance that we find in some of the tea roses. Should it prove a good variety for outdoors this rose undoubtedly has a brilliant future before it. Lady Hillingdon is a beautiful yellow rose that was greatly admired by ladies. Although it has frequently been exhibited since it was first shown last year, it is still new to many rose enthusiasts, the golden yellow blossoms being quite unique in colour. There is some doubt among experts as to whether it will prove a good rose for the garden, but if it does it will be more than welcome.

Hardy flowers were not, in the judgment of many experts, quite up to the usual quality seen at the Temple Show, possibly because the warm weather had brought them on rather rapidly. A new lily, named Golden Gleam, in Messrs. R. Wallace and Co.'s group, was interesting, and may be best described as a golden yellow flower of the Martagon section, but having the narrow foliage of tenuifolium. Darwin and other May-flowering tulips were superb, especially those from the Irish firms of Messrs. A. Dickson and Sons and Hogg and Robertson, and the home firms of Sutton and Sons and Barrs. The range of colours in these flowers now is a very wide one indeed, the gorgeousness of such varieties as Pride of Haarlem vying for premier recognition with the quiet tones of such as Dom Pedro and Ravenswing.

The outdoor groups of various hardy flowers and shrubs though well up to the average, did not present any very striking features, the Japanese garden designed and shown by Messrs. J. Carter and Co. being the most distinct. The fine old genuine Japanese Lantern and the splendid examples of the Japanese Umbrella Pine, included here, were worthy of high praise. Indeed, the whole garden, with its winding pools, rustic bridge, waterfall and bamboo summer-house, was suggestive of Japanese gardening as it might well be adopted in this country. The prettiest new rhododendron was one named Corona. This has very distinct-looking flowers of soft rosy carmine pink hue, lightly shaded with white, and is without the spots that are usually found in the throat of a rhododendron flower.

Interesting, though not beautiful, was the new hardy tree shown by Veitch of Chelsea, and named *Davidia involucrata*. Although it has been introduced to this country for some years from Hupeh, China, this is the first time it has flowered. The blossoms are similar to those of the *bougainvillea*, but larger and white, while the leaves resemble those of the common lime.

Greenhouse flowers were superb, the firms of Sutton, Veitch and Carter having magnificent displays of gloxinias, schizanthus and nemesias. The latter, in Messrs. Sutton's exhibit, were greatly admired by Her Majesty the Queen.

Fruit and vegetables are naturally, at this season, a minor quality; but some remarkably good strawberries were shown by the well-known firm of Laxton. A new variety they exhibited is named King George V., and may be regarded as a replica of that excellent variety Royal Sovereign in every way, except that it is much sweeter and ripens several days earlier. Hitherto, the only objection to Royal Sovereign has been its acid flavour, and apparently this has now been overcome.

The exhibit of vegetables shown by the Hon. Vicary Gibbs was superb, both quality and arrangement being all that one could desire. So distinct was this exhibit that the King paid special attention to it, discussing with much interest the merits of the various kinds shown. Peas, butter and other beans, a wonderful lot of aubergines, asparagus, tomatoes, vegetable marrows and splendid new potatoes were only a few of the kinds that added beauty and interest to this superb exhibit.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PUFFIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending a photograph of a puffin, as I thought it might interest some of your readers who have not seen the bird at close quarters and so do not realise the large dimensions of the beak during the breeding season, when it becomes about double its usual size. Not only does it vary in size, but also in colour, as from a yellow-brown it becomes a gorgeous carmine, blue-grey and yellow. The rest of the bird is black and white, the back and wings being black and the breast white, but the legs and feet are a bright orange, and a ring of carmine encircles the eye. The puffin is an entirely oceanic bird, as it only comes to land during the breeding season, which commences about May, and generally leaves its breeding station during August, when the young ones are old enough to accompany it. Puffins have their nests under ground, an old disused rabbit-burrow being a favourite place; but if that cannot be had, they dig their own, and this is done by lying on their backs and using their beak and claws. Some of these runs are from eight feet to ten feet long. In many places the ground is absolutely honeycombed with them, and it is quite impossible to walk without falling into them. On the rocky islands, where it is impossible to burrow, they can be seen sitting far back in the crevices of the rocks. They only lay one egg. Another peculiarity of these birds is the way they are able to carry six or seven sand-eels in their beaks at the same time, and it has always been a wonder why they did not drop the first ones while catching the last; but now it has been discovered that there is an arrangement of barbed hooks projecting backwards inside the beak on which each eel or small fish is speared as it is caught.—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.

DEW-PONDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have never met these "oases" of hot air on the top of the Downs, where, as is well known, the so-called dew-ponds alone occur. I have never heard of a site being selected for a pond because it was warmer there after sunset than anywhere else around. Apparently the warm spots met with by your correspondent are of a permanent nature, that is, recur nightly for a short time in the same place. A greater reduction in temperature would be necessary here than elsewhere to bring the "oases" below dew-point. In view of my investigations

it appears that it would be impossible for this to take place, and I should say a dew-pond could not be formed there. This is borne out by Colonel Meysey-Thompson's remark that the house built on the site of one of these "oases" of warm air is very dry. Of course, the radiation of heat from a house is very great, roof or no roof.—EDWARD A. MARTIN.

THE BREAD COMPETITION AT NORWICH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As you are no doubt aware, the Royal Agricultural Society of England is this year instituting a bread competition at the Royal Show at Norwich on June 26th. The bread is to be made only from stone-ground flour, but a number of competitors seem to be in doubt as to whether wholemeal or so-called "standard flour" may be used. I would ask your indulgence to point out that the purpose of the society is to demonstrate that bread made from stone-milled flour—as good and fine as stone-millers can make it—is, in all respects, excellent bread; and it is hoped that thereby small millers with stone-grinding plants may be encouraged to produce flour of a quality as good as that in use before the advent of roller-milling.—THOMAS M. McROW.

EQUISETUM SPECIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a small plant that I cannot identify. I shall be very glad if you can tell me its name. I found it on rather dry, sandy soil among rough grass, on the river bank.—A. COURAGE.

[The specimen sent is a species of *Equisetum*, or Mare's-tail, but the shoot is too small to enable us to identify which species it is.—ED.]

WEEDS IN COUNTRY ROADS, ETC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is a great shame that our country roads and lanes are now filled with weeds of all sorts—dandelions, wild celery, nettles, etc.—ready to flower and then cast their pernicious seeds all over the fields and gardens. In New Zealand and other Colonies any land-owners or persons renting land who allowed such a state of neglect in fields or roads would be fined fifty pounds. Surely if we had an Agricultural Minister, his department could be directed to remedy this defect,



A PUFFIN AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

or fine the offender. In my district I am cutting down every weed I can, but my neighbours are quite indifferent as to their sides of the roads, and their neglect will naturally lead to future troubles. Perhaps your noticing this unnecessary plague of weeds would induce many agriculturists to try to exterminate them.—J. NEWTON MAPPIN.

PRESERVING A PAINTED SIGN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me if there is any satisfactory way of preserving an oil-painting that is exposed to the weather other than covering it with glass? The owner of an inn here has just had a sign for the inn painted by an artist, and as it is really a work of art, he is naturally anxious to preserve it from the effects of weather as much as possible, without spoiling the general effect by covering it with glass. The artist informs him that the painting cannot be varnished for at least a year.—A. R. COX, Penmaenucha, Dolgelly, North Wales.

AN "ALL-RED" CRYSTAL PALACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A false impression has been created, due mainly to statements of two of your morning contemporaries, in which they wrongly assigned the authorship of the Crystal Palace idea of "Empire in Miniature." This misconception is likely to cause some confusion in connection with the work and very much wider sphere of the Domes and Grounds of Empire project, contemplated for several years past, of which the Festival of Empire Exhibition is a result, and forms with its leading features, the All Red Route, and so on, an extensive part of the plans, both in the past and in the future. Will you allow me, through COUNTRY LIFE, to state that there is an excellent prospect of the Crystal Palace as a permanent exhibition centre being discussed at the Imperial Conference? The following suggestion will probably be brought forward: "That the Crystal Palace and Grounds (when acquired at a market valuation) should constitute London's gift to the Empire, to be maintained at the expense and by the joint control of the Parliaments in the King's Dominions, for expositions of Empire in perpetuity." It has, Sir, been ascertained that there is a remarkable unanimity of opinion among Liberal, Conservative and Labour politicians and public men throughout the Empire, in favour of the Crystal Palace becoming the corporate property of the Empire, supported also by London borough councils and many members of the London County Council and City Corporation.—W. A. BAYST.

A NOBLE TREE AT ARDKINGLAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a notable silver fir on the estate of Sir Andrew Noble at Ardkinglas. In the year 1880 the circumference of this tree at two feet six inches from the ground was eighteen feet two inches. Three years ago it was twenty-one feet three inches, which shows an increase of three feet in about thirty years. The present age of the tree is nearly a hundred and sixty years, and in 1880 its height was a hundred and fourteen feet, the spread of its branches seventy-nine feet in diameter, and its cubic contents one thousand two hundred and fifty feet. These measurements are probably much exceeded by now.



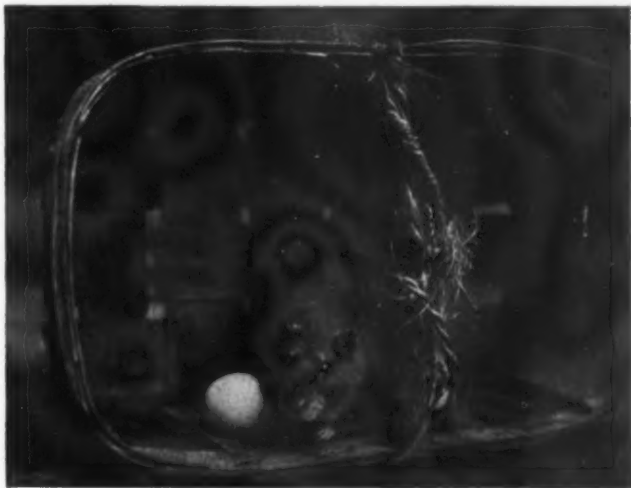
THE SILVER FIR AT ARDKINGLAS.

When the president and some members of the Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society visited Ardkinglas some years ago they were unanimous in thinking that this noble tree with its ten great limbs and its sixty tons of timber had not its equal anywhere in Great Britain, and I think your readers who are interested in forestry may be glad to see the picture of it, which was taken about a month ago.—K. G.

HOW DOES A RAT CARRY EGGS?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There are wonderful tales told of the way the common brown rat carries off hens' eggs; but though I have tried several experiments with my tame rat, Samuel Whiskers—of whom readers of COUNTRY LIFE have heard before—yet his method of dealing with them has always been the simple one of making



SAMUEL WHISKERS' METHOD.

a little hole for his teeth and then carrying off each one. Needless to say, he has all the fondness of his race for new-laid eggs, though it is but seldom he can get this dainty.—FRANCES PITT.

THE FIRE AT AQUALATE HALL, NOVEMBER, 1910.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My attention has been called to an advertisement of Messrs. Shand and Mason for fire-engines, in which they quote a paragraph which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of December, 1910, concerning the fire at Aqualate Hall on November 28th, 1910. It is there stated that no fire-engine or fire-extinguishing apparatus of any kind was kept at Aqualate, and that this was the reason that the house was destroyed. This statement is absolutely unfounded. Two manual engines, one worked by four and the other by sixteen men, are kept at the house, and there is also an abundant supply of water from mains laid on all round the house. The engines were supplied some years ago by Messrs. Merryweather, and were overhauled and put in order by them in June, 1910, less than six months before the fire. New hose-piping was also provided, and the whole of the water supply system, tanks and pipes enlarged and put in order. The house was not "entirely destroyed," only the new portion built in 1808 having been burnt. The remainder of the house, built in the seventeenth century, together with the whole of the stables and outbuildings, were saved, and that this was so was entirely owing to the excellence of the engines at the house and the promptness with which they were worked by the household servants immediately the fire was discovered and before outside help could arrive. In justice to all concerned I must ask that you, Sir, will, with your usual courtesy, contradict the erroneous statement made in your earlier issue. Its having appeared in a newspaper so widely read and of such acknowledged authority as COUNTRY LIFE has been the means of spreading a report which has caused great annoyance to the family, though it was only on receiving the advertisement mentioned that I discovered where the report originated. Messrs. Shand and Mason have already apologised and promised to withdraw their advertisement.—FRANCIS BOUGHEY.

A VISIT TO CARTMEL FELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I remember some time ago in your columns some very indignant regrets at the proposed "restoration" of the Church of St. Anthony, Cartmel Fell. I was there last week, and feel I must add my protest. It is difficult to understand why anyone should want to sweep away the evidences of a period of Church life which is a definite part of its history. It is true that some of the pews to be removed are of deal, and that they represent a not very beautiful stage in our Church architecture. It is true that a ceiling hides the original open roof, but cannot there be one church left to mark the fact that during the eighteenth century ceilings were inserted? It is true the altar is an odd little thing girt about with stunted little Communion rails, but it represents a spiritual attitude which is part of the Church's history, and should therefore be preserved. In a book of short stories by L. P. Jacks, Farmer Perryman had something to say which I could not help remembering when at St. Anthony's, and I therefore take the liberty to transcribe it:

"... Folks in the villages don't go to church as they used to do when I was a young man, and I'm sorry to see it. Folks nowadays seems to have forgotten as they've got to die."

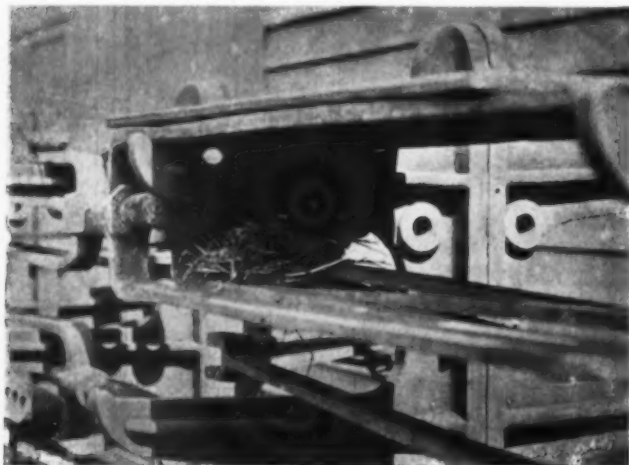
"What's driven 'em away, did you say? Well, if you want my opinion, it's my belief as this 'ere Church Restoration has as much to do wi' it as anything else. ... But it's when they starts restoring the old churches, and making 'em all spick and span, that the religious feelin' seems to die out on 'em, and folks begins to stop goin'. You might as well be in a concert hall—the place full o' chairs and smellin' o' varnish enough to make you sick. ... That's not what I call religion!"

"I've often told our parson as it were the worst day's work he ever did when he had our church restored. And a lot o' money it cost, too; but not a penny would I give, and I told 'em I wouldn't—no, not if they'd gone down on their bended knees. From that day to this our church has never smelt right—never smelt as a church ought to smell. You know the smell of a' old church? Well I don't know what makes it; but there it is, and when you've said your prayers to it for forty years you can't say 'em to no other."

Could the case be better put?—F. S. A.

A NEST BETWEEN BREAK-GEAR RODS. [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending a photograph of a thrush's nest with the following particulars. I do not know if you would think it interesting enough to reproduce. The nest was built at the entrance of our tender-repair shop, between brake-gear rods,



A THRUSH'S NEST IN THE "WORKS."

which, fortunately, owing to standard sizes, are all interchangeable, and it has not been necessary to remove them. The nest was nearly all built on Saturday, Sunday and early Monday, when the place was more or less quiet; and notwithstanding men passing by all day long, riveting and hammering of all kinds going on within two yards, four eggs have been hatched out. Of course, we are all very proud of our "rival builder." A watchful eye has been kept on the boys during meal hours. I think now its only enemies will be the cats.—W. H. COCKEN.

MORTALITY AMONG SWANS. [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having recently had two swans die out of a flock of sixteen, I had the dead birds examined, and find that the livers were rotten. They are fed daily on raw maize, as there is not much weed now left on the lake. I would be glad to know if any of your readers have had a similar experience, and if the feeding can be the cause of the disease? If so, what is the best food to give them? Any information would be welcome.—TINDALE TARN.

[Maize would not cause death, although it is rather fattening for a regular diet and might be advantageously varied with other grain; but if there were anything really wrong in the feeding, the other birds would probably be affected. It is just possible (especially if the flock was started with bought birds of unknown age) that these were two very old birds, and that the liver disease was simply part of their general decay.—ED.]

CURLEW'S EGGS AND ABNORMAL COLOURING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following may possibly be of interest to your readers who are egg-collectors. I have several times found an ordinary curlew's nest which contained four greyish blue eggs with reddish brown spots. In every case there was one egg a little larger than the others. The large egg was of about the average size and shape of the ordinarily coloured eggs, but the other three were smaller, rounder and not so heavily spotted. It is certain that these eggs were laid by an ordinary curlew, because I saw her, in one instance where the eggs were hard set, sitting on the nest. The nest itself was always of ordinary construction. It was twice situated in a bare patch in a wood which had been planted for about five years. Some people suggest that the colour of the shell would be changed if the bird formed her eggs in wet weather, while others believe that the curlews that lay eggs of this colour must have different feeding from which to form their shells. If the first theory is right, the curlew must either form all her eggs (and, be it remembered, they are large) in a very short space of time, or it must have been wet weather all the time the bird was forming the shells; and again, if the materials taken in by the bird for shell formation had to do with their colour, all the other curlews' eggs in the same wood and on the same hillsides would probably have been of the same colour. I found that this was not so; and, moreover, eggs coloured in the ordinary way, in which the incubation was about as far advanced as in the blue eggs, and which were found on the same day as the blue ones, ought to have been blue if the weather had to do with the colouring.—W. D. REID RENWICK.



A FINNISH FENCE.

THE STORY OF A PAIR OF THRUSHES. [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know if you would care to accept for your paper an interesting story about a pair of birds. Last year we were living in one of the suburbs, and were very much interested in a pair of thrushes who built their nest in a sycamore tree close to our windows. From our top floor we could look down on them and see all they did. The first day they arrived early with a bunch of dried grass and root, which they both worked at by turns, scratching it into the shape of a nest, till about ten o'clock; then they left it for the day. Next day a strong wind had blown it away, but they brought it back again, and again the wind always blew it out of the fork in which they wished to build whenever they left it for a few minutes. The cock worked as hard as the hen. He was left to form the nest while she disappeared. She was away a long time, and returned with a long piece of white twine, which she proceeded to mix with the grass. Then a thought seemed to strike her, and she began gently pulling one end of the twine out of the grass till she had a piece about two feet long hanging loose. We watched her intently, she peeping at us every now and then. With infinite patience she worked till she got the loose end in her beak, and after many failures carried this round the stem of the tree, fluttering round on her wings, as there was no foothold, and at last succeeded, and when she had worked the end into the nest she continued to build. Her nest remained tied to the tree, and was there when we left the house. She reared four young ones. Many people saw the nest and string and were very interested in it.—S. B.

THREE LITTLE OWLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I thought perhaps you might like to publish the enclosed photograph in COUNTRY LIFE. I took the owls from a nest in an old hollow tree trunk in the New Forest when they were nearly fledged, and kept them in a large barn



THE DAUNTLESS THREE.

feeding them on raw meat, of which they consumed large quantities. They were interesting pets, but as they grew older they became so fierce and required so much meat that I was obliged to let them go.—RACHEL F. SMYTH.

A VISIT TO A FINNISH FARM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The fields are divided by wooden fences, the most untidy fences I have ever seen. At irregular intervals tall posts of juniper of irregular lengths are stuck in the ground. To these birch planks are attached, one end fastened to the pole, the other stuck in the ground. As the pole rots away below it is hammered down into the ground from above, and the original straggling, slanting planks get an additional straggle at new angles. This form of boundary involves the use of a great deal of timber and is excessively wasteful. In early times this was a matter of little importance. In these later and more strenuous times more economical and tidier fences are being erected. Connected with these fences is an old proverb of wide-world application: "A servant makes a fence and it lasts for a year; a son makes a fence and it lasts for a lifetime." In one field I saw a harrow made of branches of trees. The branches had been so well chosen that the teeth, which were part and parcel of the branch, were all set at right angles to the ground, and no artificial pegs were used. The man who had lopped off a dozen branches of this description and then fastened them side by side into a wonderfully efficient and, withal, an artistic agricultural implement must have had a keen eye for the selection of suitable material.—ERNEST YOUNG.

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